

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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Chronicle

Home News.—The members of the Italian War Debt Commission arrived in the United States on November 1. They are here for an indefinite time in the hope of

Italian Debt

reaching an agreement to fund the Italian debt to the United States.

This debt is more than \$2,100,000,000 and a more optimistic frame of mind greeted the envoys than was noticeable at the arrival of M. Caillaux, who had put a time limit of one week to the negotiations. The Italian mission came prepared to base its case on the ground of the capacity of Italy to pay. They presented twenty-four booklets to the American commission for their study of Italy's fiscal situation. There is, however, a disagreement in American opinion of this question of capacity to pay, one school merely looking at the present capacity and another at the present and the future capacity. This latter school is represented by Senator Borah. One of the French conditions which wrecked the success of Caillaux's mission was his insistence on a treaty of guarantee, according to which, if at any future time France should be unable to continue its payments, the United States would agree to a suspension or to new terms. It is not known if the Italians will make the same proposal but it is probable that they will. It is now pointed out that the correlative to this proposal is the argument that if Italy's financial situation should improve,

new and higher terms of interest should be agreed upon.

Apart from the significant results in New York, which are looked upon as a personal victory for Governor Smith and as such possessing national importance, interest in the elections of November 3 centered around the attempts of the Ku Klux Klan to gain control of the political machinery in several cities. In Detroit, Indianapolis and Buffalo, the issue of the election was the Klan. In two of these cities the Klan was defeated. In Detroit, Mr. John W. Smith, the present Mayor, a Catholic, defeated Charles Bowles and carried with him a majority in the City Council. In Buffalo, Mayor Frank X. Schwab was reelected by a large vote. The only victory for the Klan was in Indianapolis, and that had been foreseen. In Boston, a Republican was elected Mayor for the first time in eighteen years when Malcolm E. Nichols defeated his nearest opponent by nearly 22,000 votes. The only other result of national interest was in New Jersey, where the Democratic and anti-dry tendency came to the front in the election of A. Harry Moore.

Canada.—In the final election count the early press reports of the sweeping victory for the Conservatives proved premature. Returns give them 117 seats in the

Elections a Stalemate

Commons, the Liberals 100, the Progressives 24, and the Laborites and Independents the rest. The result is that

no party commands a majority, so that for some time Canada will be unsettled politically. It has been officially announced that despite the failure of Premier King to gain a Liberal majority he will summon Parliament at the earliest possible date and trust to the help of the Progressives and others to govern through a narrow majority. This decision was come to after a meeting of Mr. King with the Cabinet and the Governor General. As many of the Progressives and all the Independents are friendly to Mr. Meighan, it is doubtful if the coalition of the Progressives and Liberals will be effected. Should Mr. King withdraw and make way for the Conservative leader to form a new Government even he may not command the support of enough Progressives to enable him to control the Commons. Were they to line up with him they would naturally be denounced as traitors by their own party though they might have a just defense in the fact that a new election would probably exclude many of them from places and while they would have to be satisfied with the Conservative tariff policy, Mr. Meighan's Government

would give them lower freight rates through legislation whereby the public treasury would subsidize the railroads for that purpose.

China.—The Customs Conference has been progressing amicably and the spirit manifested at the first meetings gives promise that the work of the second conference on extraterritoriality to be held in Peking on December 18 will be greatly facilitated. At the meeting on November 3, Mr. MacMurray, one of the American delegates, proposed reforms which the London press calls "a basis for discussion." He stated that the United States was prepared to agree at once to levying a surtax of 2½ per cent and a 5 per cent tax on luxuries, in accordance with the provisions of the Washington treaty, and further, to negotiate a new treaty in which the principle of China's tariff autonomy should be affirmed, providing for the abolition of the liken, for the removal of all existing tariff restrictions and for recognition of China's national tariff laws.

The American Legation at Peking was informed on November 3 that two American priests, Rev. Thomas O'Melia of Philadelphia and Rev. Otto A. Rauschenbach of St. Louis, both Maryknoll missionaries who had gone to the Orient last year, had been captured by bandits at their mission on St. John's Island (the Sancian of St. Francis Xavier), and were being held for ransom. At the request of the American Consul General in Hongkong, Admiral Li of the Chinese navy dispatched a warship to investigate and was able to report to the Legation the following day that the missionaries had escaped.

Reports received at Nanking indicate that Marshal Tso-lin's Manchurian troops advancing south from Hsuehchow, have captured Pengpu on the railroad, about 100 miles south of Hsuehchow, where the Chekiang forces of General Sun Chuanfang were concentrating. Cantonese forces under Chang Kai-shek have captured Swatow and the followers of Chen Chiung-ming have retreated into the Fukien and Kiangsi Provinces. Opposition on the other fronts has apparently collapsed, leaving the Canton forces in control of the Province of Kwangtung.

France.—November 3 saw the reopening of Parliament and the presentation to the Deputies of Premier Painlevé's new Cabinet. It had been a foregone conclusion since the evening previous that the support of the Socialist element would not be forthcoming. In addition to their one hundred members, seventy-four other Deputies reserved decision, but of the 584 votes cast, 221 were in approval of the Ministerial declaration. The new Government was therefore launched with the narrow majority of thirty-two members. In his declarations of policy, M. Painlevé expressed confidence in the Government's ability to accomplish fiscal reform. His proposed meas-

ures, shortly to be laid before Parliament, would, he promised, reveal the exact truth concerning the country's financial status,—not altogether a hopeless condition, he averred, even though it be not encouraging. Without going into his plans in detail, he indicated that he would demand "an immediate sacrifice from all forms of wealth" for the creation of a fund that will be autonomous, independent of the State, and with complete control of its funds for the redemption of the floating debt. The settlement of interallied obligations, M. Painlevé announced, "we intend resolutely to pursue, with the determination to reach a just solution of the negotiations begun in London and Washington." Time alone will determine the ability of the new Government to endure. One advantage which M. Painlevé enjoys is that no party or combination of parties is anxious to supplant him. Any effective accomplishment of the organized Cabinet will depend on the support forthcoming from undeclared quarters. The formation of a Center party by Deputies Landry and Letroquer, late of the Nationalist group, promises a slight aggregation to the new Government's strength.

At the request of Peter Knabenshue, consul at Beirut, two American destroyers left Alexandria for that city November 4, as a provisional measure of protection to American citizens exposed to the disturbances in Syria. Most of the 1,000 American nationals in the country are

in Beirut, in whose institutions are several native American professors and instructors, in addition to the naturalized Syrians who have resided in the United States. Although his recall had not been made definite, General Sarraill announced that he would sail from Beirut for Paris, November 8, prepared to give full explanation of the situation in Syria. General Duport will act in the interim as High Commissioner. Influence is being exerted, it has been learned, to obtain the reinstatement of General Weygand, who was recalled by Herriot, and whose record was one of marked success and popularity. Associated Press reports of November 4, via London, give details of recent consequences to the revolt of October 18, which have caused material damages alone of over \$2,000,000. The French forces were declared incapable of coping with the situation, and pending arrival of the reinforcements eagerly awaited, Kurdish and other levies were being raised to defend Damascus. Fearing a massacre of Christians, there has been a big exodus in the direction of Beirut.

Considerable military activity in the vicinity of Tetuan has followed a fortnight of more or less quiet in Morocco. Reports from Tangier feature the bombing raids of the Shereefian air force piloted by Americans, which, according to the *Westminster Gazette* correspondent, had caused many casualties to natives, and the destruction of their flocks. Incidental to his speech at the opening of Parliament, Premier Painlevé observed that "it is for the Riffians to say if they want a loyal peace, a peace of

Customs Parley

Missionaries Captured

No Relief in Damascus

The War

New Cabinet Acceptable

Affairs in Morocco

collaboration in an autonomy conformable to existing treaties." Abd-el-Krim, the central figure in the insurgent ranks, after having been driven from Adjir by the Spanish forces, has ensconced himself in a stronghold at Targuist, a little village on the northern slope of the Atlas Range, about which such trenches and dugouts have been extended as to ensure comparative safety for the leader and his retinue.

Great Britain.—On November 2, England went to the polls to elect Borough Councilors to hold office for three years. The interest of the election centered in a concerted drive by the Reds and socialists

Local Elections

to control local administration. Having been beaten in Parliament the extremists were turning their forces on the boroughs hoping thus to cause disorder. Complete returns of the election show an unexpected gain for the Labor Party. All told, they won 135 municipal seats, a gain throughout the country of 47 places. The Party now has a majority in eight London Boroughs, a gain of two over the last election. The results are interpreted by the Labor Parliamentary Party as a promise of success in the next general election. The continuance of unemployment and the fact that many failed to vote account for the results. An amusing feature of the election was the crushing defeat of Saklatvala.

Through the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Government announced on November 3 the removal of the embargo on Dominion, Colonial and Foreign loans in the

Embargo Lifted on Loans

London markets, which had been placed prior to the return to the gold standard in order to reduce the risk which it was felt might attend a return to a free gold market. With "old and full freedom" of the money market restored, competition for American bankers who since the war have had a virtual monopoly on this class of international business, will begin again. While no rush to the London market is anticipated, large New York banking houses believe there will be a gradual return on the part of countries in many parts of the world which for generations before the embargo had obtained financial help in the British capital.

The British Empire Exhibition which was opened at Wembley in 1924 to benefit the trade of the Empire came to an end on October 31. There was an elaborate ceremonial closing program, the Duke of

Wembley Exhibit Closes

York, who was President of the Exhibition, taking the leading part. The dismantling of the stalls began at once and within a few hours of the closing the most valuable part of the display had been quietly removed. In the two years the exhibition has been running 27,000,000 people visited it but despite its popularity it has not proved a financial success. Because, however, it has stimulated trade and helped in the development of the resources of the Empire, it is expected that the ultimate results will be incalculable. It

is contended that the attendance would have been much larger had not the site been so unfortunately chosen.

Ireland.—A life-size bronze statue of Canon Sheehan was recently unveiled in the courtyard of the Church of the Nativity, Doneraile, where the venerated priest was pastor for eighteen years. The memorial services were conducted by

Memorial to Canon Sheehan

Bishop Browne, of Cloyne, and were

attended by a great number of visitors from all parts of Ireland. In his address, Dr. Browne emphasized the fact that Canon Sheehan was the "great priest" who loved his flock and was loved and venerated in return. The Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J., who delivered the oration, praised Canon Sheehan because "he laid hold of the novel and made it an instrument to elevate and spiritualize the lives of men." Canon Sheehan, he continued, "wrote novels for the same reason as he preached sermons, namely, to draw the hearts of men close to the Heart of Christ." Lord Castledown, in paying his tribute to the memory of Canon Sheehan, declared that he had always found him "a wise counsellor, a judicious advisor, and a loyal companion."

Work on the Shannon electrification project is still delayed through the deadlock that has arisen between the Siemens-Schuckert contracting firm and the Transport Union over the question of wages.

Deadlock in Shannon Scheme

The workers have refused to accept the 32s-a-week wage, with free lodging,

that the employers have offered. A tangle of complications has developed since the first offer of the contractors and the first refusal of the Union leaders. Several subsequent efforts to bring about a settlement of the dispute have failed. According to late reports, the contractors have even refused to negotiate with the workers. Though opinion is divided, the sympathy of the country seems to be with the Union. The whole dispute is causing a deal of bitterness.

It is reported that the Free State Government has announced that a census of the Free State is to be made in April next. The last census of all Ireland was taken in 1911. The total population at that

Announcement of New Census

time was 4,390,219; that of the North-eastern Counties was 1,250,531 and

that of the present Free State area was 3,139,688. It is estimated that there has been a substantial increase in the population of the Free State during the past fifteen years. Experts have expressed the opinion that there has been, during the period, a pronounced drift from the rural districts to the larger cities.

Italy.—The anniversary of Italy's armistice with Austria, celebrated November 4, began with Solemn Mass attended by officials of the Government, followed by an aviation display, a huge parade of ex-combatants, and ending with a gathering in the Costanzi Opera, where Premier Mussolini addressed an audience of several thou-

Fascists Celebrate

sand. The aim of the Premier's speech was to prove that Fascism is the logical outcome of the new spirit engendered in Italy as a result of the World War. Four days previous, marking the third anniversary of the Fascist march on Rome, some 40,000 persons, many of them from distant parts of the Kingdom, joined in a huge demonstration of tribute to Mussolini. During his address to the Congress of Foreign Fascists, the Premier urged that Italians abroad respect the laws and the citizens of the country in which they reside. The royal appointment of Senator Cremonesi as first Governor of Rome followed the newly adopted plan of abolishing local self-government in the Capital city.

Latin America.—A convention of the International Socialist Congress opened at Guadalajara on November 5. Its main object is to work towards achieving a better

Mexico

understanding and agreement between various labor movements, especially those of North and South America. A number of Socialist Red representatives from many countries are expected to attend. Several South American delegates arrived some days previous to the opening of the Convention among whom were those of Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Colombia.—Confusion still reigns in Aguascalientes as a result of the recent dissolution of the Court of Justice and deposition of the Judges by Governor Elizalde. The offended parties, it is reported, have named a new Governor, and ejected Elizalde from the Governor's Palace, who, nevertheless, still continues to transact official business from his private residence. Further political disturbances are feared and, unless conditions soon readjust themselves, the intervention of the Federal Government is expected.—Within the last two years 20,000 Mexicans have emigrated into the Dallas diocese to escape the anti-religious laws of their own country. On his recent return from Rome, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Lynch, Bishop of Dallas, visited Spain asking the cooperation of Spanish clergy to assist him in caring for the ever-increasing Spanish-speaking population in his diocese.—President Calles has assigned 100,000 pesos to the Y. M. C. A. towards the completion of a stadium they are erecting in Mexico City.

Legally, the Church does not exist in Mexico. Actually, it is tolerated only according to the limits that time and physical energy put upon the Government's efforts to destroy it. Priests and Religious are systematically persecuted even to the details of their personal life. Churches are desecrated, confiscated, closed, converted into museums and theaters. Schools are seized and their students expelled or imprisoned. Finally, in the hope of destroying the Church a schismatic movement has been launched backed by Government influence and money. Catholic lay life is harassed and threatened at every turn. In the face of persecution a strong Catholic youth movement has arisen in the Catholic Youths' Association which, already established in twenty-five dioceses, has 181 local centers and a steadily increasing membership now approaching

20,000. Adults of the country are likewise organizing to protect themselves, in the National Religious Defense League numbering 40,000 members, the Catholic Confederation of Labor with its 300 units and 25,000 members. In addition to the Parents of Families Association already referred to in the October 31 issue, there are the Women's Union and the Knights of Columbus. The latter are the best organized and most effective Catholic lay body in the country, counting forty-five Councils and over 5,000 adherents. They conduct night schools, finance scholarships and accomplish more practical good than any other association.

Persia.—On October 31, the National Assembly of Persia adopted a resolution deposing the Shah Ahmed. This action ends the rule of the Kajar dynasty which had governed the country since 1779 on the overthrow of the Zand dynasty. The

The Shah Deposed

ex-Shah had succeeded his father in 1909 at the age of eleven, three years after the National Assembly had inaugurated a new rule in Persia. Shah Ahmed has been living in Paris since 1923, whither he went on the advice of Reza Khan. An attempt was made to depose him more than a year ago but was foiled by the opposition of the people. The country, meanwhile, was ruled with an unscrupulous hand by the Premier, Reza Khan, who steered a devious path between the foreign and domestic interests who were trying to get control of the very valuable oil deposits in north Persia. It will be remembered, also that Major Robert Imbrie, American Consul in Teheran, was murdered by Persian soldiers, and there was more than good reason for fastening this murder upon the Premier himself. There is an American financial advisory committee in Persia has a particular interest for this country inasmuch as it is an American company, the Sinclair interests, which is competing with the Anglo-Persian oil interests for control of Persia's oil, with the English company strongly backed by Great Britain's diplomatic representatives. It is expected that Reza Khan will become Shah and found a new dynasty.

During the last week of October, there took place at Baltimore a conference which inaugurated in the East a movement that seems destined to exercise a marked influence in country life. Next week John La Farge will tell the story of the "Baltimore Rural Life Conference."

Another feature of the number will be a study of late American and English poetry, based on a recent book by Carl and Mark Van Doren.

"The American College and Birth Control" will be the first of a series of two articles by William Walsh.

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Nursery Legislation

THE new psychologist grieves at the inclusion of "don't" in the vocabulary of the nursery, but mothers know that it cannot be dispensed with. Children and lunatics are creatures of endless activity, most of it misused and misdirected. The child has not attained the use of reason, while the lunatic has lost whatever use he may have possessed. In dealing with either, force and "don't" must take the place of suasion, since rational appeal is not possible.

Discussing the growth of crime and disorder in this country, Miss Agnes Repplier is right in attributing much of it to our fondness for "nursery legislation." Her native State, Pennsylvania, with 41,000 laws already on the books, added 450 more last year, and Pennsylvania is by no means the most be-lawed State in the Union. So huge is the mass of State and Federal legislation in this country, that, according to a former member of the Supreme Court, Mr. Charles E. Hughes, not even the most competent lawyer can state with certainty what the law is on a given case unless he first consults his books. It is true that the tremendous extension of financial and commercial operations in the United States during the last quarter century has necessitated much new legislation, but thousands of laws are based on the false supposition that there is no ill to which man is heir which cannot be cured by act of the legislature.

Of this delusion the Volstead act is perhaps the most notable example. Shortly after the passage of this famous act, AMERICA suggested that our total abstinence societies should not be disbanded, but greatly strengthened. The report of the Federated Churches issued some weeks ago, shows that conditions would now be better had this advice been followed. The voluntary principle, which

was the very heart of the old-fashioned total abstinence society, is of much higher value than any form of legal compulsion, since men can often be induced to do what they will refuse to do under duress. Because this plan was rejected in 1920, as the editor of the report, the Rev. F. Ernest Johnson, now admits, the Volstead act can never be enforced by the Government. It will remain a source of public disorder until the schools and the churches can bring about voluntary obedience.

"Don't" legislation, affecting personal habits not wrong in themselves, is thoroughly appropriate in the nursery. Applied to rational beings, it is foredoomed to failure, unless the *major et sanior pars* a majority of the enlightened in the community, agree that the prohibition is necessary and pledge themselves to enforce it. If you can induce a man to "stay put," he stays, but if you dragoon him into that situation, he is apt to wander away as soon as the compelling force is removed.

A Class Apart

CERTAIN controversialists here and in England are fond of saying that Catholics always form a class apart. If by this they mean that Catholics, as a body, fail to contribute their share to the general welfare, the statement stands confuted by the testimony of history. Patriotism did not spring into being with Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, and from the days of the Carrolls down to our own times, Catholics have done their full share to build up this country and to strengthen its institutions.

But there is a sense in which the accusation is quite true. The first Catholics were most distinctly a class apart. Because they refused to sacrifice to the State gods, their loyalty was suspect. Because Christian modesty forbade participation in the public shows and spectacles, and even in the literary gatherings of the time, they were deprived of a large measure of social intercourse with their fellows. They could help their fellow citizens in time of sickness and distress, and this they did. They could fight for the Empire in its need, and uphold public institutions not distinctly pagan, and this also they did. It was even possible for them at times to serve their country in public office and in military commands. Some of the noblest figures in the early Church were soldiers, and it seems clear from the Epistles of St. Paul, that Catholic officials could be found in the household of Caesar. Whatever they could do, they did, but they could not sacrifice conscience if that was the price of good citizenship.

No matter under what Government they live, or in what environment, that bar always rests upon Catholics, and to that extent separates them from their fellow citizens. In the United States, as in all modern Governments, Catholics are a class apart only insofar as they are obliged to refrain from political and social movements or institutions which are at variance with the law of their conscience. But the seclusion is not of their seeking. It is forced upon them. They cannot approve the desecration

of marriage, authorized by our frightfully loose divorce laws, or the desecration of the image of God in the child by a system which excludes Almighty God from the school. Nor can they accept the idea of an omnipotent State exacting an allegiance superior to the allegiance due to God.

Secularism, which in essence is the denial of God's rights over the individual and society, is fast becoming an American idol. To it Catholics will never bow the knee. If that refusal makes them a class apart, they will glory in the distinction.

A Lesson From the Elections

WHILE no principle of great importance was at stake in any of the 1925 elections, there seems some reason to conclude that they indicate a recession in the tide of bigotry which ran strong some five years ago. In one State, Virginia, and in three large cities, Detroit, Buffalo and Indianapolis, the Klan raised its head. In Indianapolis alone was it successful, but in Virginia, while the entire Democratic ticket was elected, the Klan was nearly, but not quite, strong enough to defeat the one Catholic who figured on it. As usual in such cases, no accusation affecting this candidate's personal character, or fitness to retain the office to which he sought re-election, was offered. For the Klan it was enough that he was a Catholic.

May we then hope that the spirit of the American Constitution and of practically all our State Constitutions, which bars discrimination against candidates for office because of their religion, or lack of it, and forbids the establishment of any religious test, is growing stronger among the people at large? It is not easy to answer this question. It has often been said that religious bigotry finds a citadel in communities noted for illiteracy and vice, and that where schools and the means of education flourish, there is little or no public hostility to Catholics. In general, this is probably true. Yet even in communities in which the Church has worked for more than a century, there frequently can be found an amount of hatred of the Catholic Church that is simply amazing. Of this fact, the State of Indiana, the seat of Notre Dame University, and a field in which Catholic missionaries have labored for generations, is an example. Nor need one travel many miles from such centers of approved Catholic activity as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis, to find instances of hatred of the Catholic Church, fully as bitter as any which flourish in the backwoods of illiteracy. There are forms of ignorance which are truly invincible.

No matter who Catholics are, where they live, or what they do, some degree of persecution is inevitable. The Lord Himself has made it a mark, as it were, of His Church. Catholics have suffered for the Faith from the outset, and the trumpet of the Angel on the last day will interrupt some bigot who either thinks, or professes to think, that he does God a service by harrying

Catholics out of the land. Catholics, then, must share the life of the Church which has ever known persecution. They cannot escape it, least of all by compromise of principle.

St Paul's "Nonsense"

"THAT'S only some of Paul's nonsense," an angry feminist once retorted, when asked to study the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. St. Paul is not a favorite with these extremists, and he seems to have been set aside by the Episcopalians who voted to omit the word "obey" from the marriage ritual. The mere omission of the word, it is true, may mean nothing. But from the discussions which preceded the vote, it would appear that the omission is very like a surrender to that form of anarchy which denies the duty of wifely obedience.

The doctrine set forth by St. Paul in Ephesians v, 22-28 and Colossians iii, 18, 19, and by St. Peter in his First Epistle, iii, 1-17, is not the private opinion of these Apostles, but the law of God. God Himself ordains that "the husband is the head of the wife" and enjoins "Let women be subject to their husbands." If the authority of the Apostles is rejected when they teach the subjection of the wife, on what ground can it be accepted when they teach other doctrines, the necessity of Baptism, for instance, or the Divinity of Christ? The message which they profess to announce is not theirs, but God's; if they have deceived us, or have themselves been deceived, their value as witnesses to the Revelation made by God to man is destroyed. Thus the rejection of the doctrine that wives must be subject to their husbands is not simply a deplorable concession to modern impiety. It implies the rejection of the authority upon which the doctrine itself rests, namely, God.

Feminists, in quoting St. Paul, usually misquote him. The law of obedience and subjection is quite clear, but St. Paul, as well as St. Peter, shows how it is tempered by the law which bids the husband love and cherish his wife. The wife is not a slave, but a help meet for man. Her husband may not be arbitrary, unkind or tyrannical; but when all allowance has been made, the wife must obey her husband, pagan or Christian, to the extent of the authority delegated him by Almighty God. No man in his senses will deport himself toward his wife as though she were a silly child, a servant, or a creature not equal to himself as "a coheir of the grace of life." He has been made the head of the family not because he is in any personal respect "better," but because God has so willed it. Catholics cannot temporize with the dangerous doctrine now urged in so many quarters that husband and wife are of equal authority in the family. It has no basis either in the natural or the Divine law, and can be used to propagate the gravest disorders, of which the chief is the destruction of the

home. Woman's position in modern life, it is conceded, may call for new adjustments, but the principle of subjection remains unchanged.

Between those who love God and each other in God, there will be no strife who shall be the greater, for love tempers the demands of obedience, and to one who loves obedience is easy. The Catholic ideal is the Holy Family, in which obedience was recognized as part of God's law of love. For obedience is not slavery. It is service, and service, the Saints tell us, is love proving by deeds its reality and worth.

Our Lack of Scholars

FEW will contradict President Lowell of Harvard when he reports that while many alumni complain that Harvard is not producing a good football team, none complain that Harvard is not producing scholars. We do not intend, as Dr. Lowell did not, to restrict the indictment to Harvard. It is true, in varying degree, of all American colleges. "Students and graduates of this generation," said Dr. Lowell, at the meeting of the American Universities at Yale, "are far more proud of their achievements on the campus than in the classroom. Their studies are regarded as a chore to be done as quickly as possible. . . . If we could make youth feel that scholarship was worth while, we would undoubtedly have more scholars. But how shall we do this?"

An American who received his doctorate at Cambridge wrote, after four years of residence abroad, that whenever he reviewed the state of education in America, he felt that he was looking at a five-ring circus with all five rings a-whirl, but no ringmaster. It was an exhilarating picture of vigor and activity, even of a certain degree of skill, but the observer could not help feeling that disaster was in sight. If our colleges are not producing scholars, the fault is not theirs alone. To look about for a convenient back on which to load one's failures is commonly considered confession of guilt, but often unjustly. Any professor who has essayed to conduct freshman courses in any subject will recall the sinking sensation that was annually his after his first contacts with what are, presumably, the choicest products of the American high school. If we are looking for one strong reason why our colleges fail in producing scholars, time spent in scanning the high school will not be lost. That school can establish a claim for respectful consideration just as soon as education and not distraction results from the process of distending the mind of the adolescent on the rack of seven or eight subjects which may range from biology to bricklaying and include millinery with mathematics. The college must work with such stuff as comes out of the high school hopper; even after picking and choosing, some of it is not worth much.

The test of the college, according to Dr. Lowell, is its ability to arouse in the student a genuine love of learning. As means of attaining this end, he suggests a larger degree of personal contact with the professors, with fewer electives and more prescribed groups of study.

This may spell treason to the career of Dr. Elliot who wished to be remembered by the elective system to which he consecrated Harvard; but practical educators long since discerned the folly of electivism, although not all have been able to cast it out of their colleges. Yet even Dr. Lowell's plan will fail, unless the high school is reformed, for the simple reason that the average student can and will devise ways of frustrating it. The colleges have been forced to their present low estate because experimenters of the most vicious type have been allowed a free hand in the high schools. A new spirit must be instilled into these institutions before the college can function properly. No college can polish brick, but brick is what the average high school has been producing, half-baked bricks crumbling at the first touch of reality.

Modernistic Apologetics

ON another page of this issue, the reader's attention is invited to a dangerous form of apologetics which has gained the approval of a few unwary Catholics. It attempts to show that there can be no conflict between science and religion, since science rests upon a rational basis, but religion on a series of propositions to which assent is given, not because they are apprehended as true, but because they satisfy some real or fancied spiritual need. Thus science is knowledge, while religion is "faith," that is, something not founded on ascertainable fact; or science is what we know to be true, and religion is what we hope may be true.

The falsity of this position is obvious to Catholics; but it may be worth while to note that in it may be found the dominant reason why upright men and women who are not Catholics, fail to understand why religion should have any place in education. Religion is so elusive a thing, they hold, that, if certain broad generalizations are excepted, it cannot be put into comprehensible form. It is not a series of theses to be proved, like so many propositions in Euclid, but a series of inward experiences accepted by the individual. Hence, it is absurd to speak of "teaching" religion, as though religion had a basis in reason. Since there can be no authority in religion outside the individual who registers and accepts his experiences, argument and authority are as futile as argument upon any purely personal preference.

Catholics, on the contrary, holding that Divine revelation is a fount of knowledge, and that this knowledge can and must be imparted to others, ask that religion be given its rightful place in education. A Catholic education is not a secular training plus some instruction in the truths of Faith. When our Lord told the parable of the woman who took some leaven and hid it in a measure of meal until the whole was leavened, He gave us a figure of the Catholic school. Religion is not an appendage of this system, not something necessary only for its perfecting, but its very soul, without which it cannot exist.

Science, Religion and Education

WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN, Ph.D., Sc.D., is one of our most distinguished scientists and has received the Nobel Prize for his revolutionary discoveries in molecular physics. Moreover, besides being a distinguished scientist, he is known to be a man of moderation and balance, and of reverence for sacred things, as becomes a person of his attainments. Naturally, such a one would give a part of his time to serious examination of his own attitude toward science and religion. In an article appearing in *Collier's* for October 24, under the title, "A Scientist's God," he grants an interview to Samuel Crowther on this engrossing subject. Apart from the statement that Copernicus was "persecuted" for his theories,—for which new historical error, however, it may be only his interviewer who is responsible,—the interview is all that was to be expected from a man who appreciates the elementary distinction between hypotheses, theories and facts, and who is afraid to say he *knows* when he is not sure he knows.

For Professor Millikan there is no conflict between science and religion, there is only a quarrel between scientists and theologians, or as he prefers to put it, "between two different species of ignorance." He further braves the wrath of some of his colleagues by declaring: "I have never known a thinking man who did not believe in God." Now this is no news, either as regards Dr. Millikan, or as regards the matter in question. What is interesting is the ground on which he bases his contentions. At this point he leaves the confines of science and adventures into philosophy. His reasons for his stand are that there can be no conflict between science and religion, on the old familiar ground that their "fields" are different, and that their purposes or functions are different.

Let us examine these reasons. It was said in these columns (August 15) that the former of them, namely that from the difference of field, can be understood in one of two senses, the Modernistic sense, which was held to be destructive of Christianity, and the traditional sense, which alone can be admitted by Catholics. In other words by saying that there can be no conflict between religion and science because their fields are totally different, we may be dissolving the conflict in two entirely opposite ways. We may mean that their fields are different because science lies in the realm of knowledge, and religion lies outside the realm of knowledge,—the Modernistic solution,—or we may mean that science reveals to us one set of truths and religion reveals to us another set of truths, equally valid and never in conflict, because both sets of truths come to us from one and the same God, and hence they cannot contradict each other. For whichever way a thing is revealed to us, it must be true, and truth cannot contradict truth, nor can God contradict Himself. This is the Catholic position, and if it were examined closely

and compared with the other, I have no doubt that it would quite generally be adopted by all who hold the traditional truths of Christianity.

Which of these two solutions is Dr. Millikan's? The Modernistic one, without a doubt. He says:

I am very chary about declaring that our present scientific conceptions and hypotheses are going to last forever, and I am a good deal more chary about making dogmatic denials or affirmations in the field of religion—a field which by general assent *lies outside the region in which intellectual knowledge is possible.* (Italics inserted.)

This method of dissolving the supposed antithesis between science and religion by dissolving one half of the antithesis, and that the more important half, religion, is the outstanding heresy of our time. Deny to religion its function of supplying us with knowledge, and you have practically destroyed religion; you have reduced it to a set of subjective attitudes and points of view, without objective value in the realm of fact, and changing according to epochs, circumstances and temperaments. It is worthy of note that Modernists not only deny the function of knowledge to religion, but mete out the same treatment to metaphysics. Physical science is, according to them, the only valid method of knowing. Immortality of the soul, freedom of the will, dependence upon God, our Creator and Last End, the whole moral order,—all truths as solid, and as *true*, as the truths of the physical order, all these go down, *as truths*, in the same general crash. As for truths of the supernatural order, "revealed truths" we call them, the Fall of Man, the Redemption, the Divine mission of the Church, they, too, are not truths, according to the Modernist, in any real sense, for they "lie outside the region in which intellectual knowledge is possible." It is painful to hear Mr. Crowther make Dr. Millikan declare this to be held "by general assent." The truth that lies at the very heart of Christianity is the fact that mankind can validly know truths revealed to it directly by God.

To take any other stand than the traditional Christian philosophy here presented is to turn back the clock of human intellectual progress by many centuries. By long, hard stages the non-Jewish part of mankind arrived independently at the conclusion that the truths found by pure reason are valid objective truths. Nor would Socrates, Plato and Aristotle have denied the possibility of God revealing to mankind further truths about ultimate reality beyond what human reason could find out for itself. They would only have demanded a certain criterion for judging that it really was God who revealed these truths, before accepting them as ascertained facts. Jesus came, God-Man, Prophet and messenger from Heaven, to reveal our supernatural destiny, and,—to consider merely the intellectual progress involved,—the content of man's mind

was vastly enlarged. Now, with one sweep of the hand, the agnostic, the Kantian, and the Modernist, by denying the validity of these truths, wipe out metaphysics and Revelation, and we are back in the twilight of paganism. Our intellectual possessions have turned to dust in our hands, and what we cherished as fact and truth has become only a shadow and a vain imagining.

The moral of all this lies in the field of education. Some weeks ago there re-arose in Catholic circles the old controversy on the respective merits of Catholic and non-Catholic education. Following the lead of the Church, this Review has consistently stood for Catholic as against non-Catholic education for the Catholic child and young man or woman. Moreover, it is not felt that this law of the Church is a purely arbitrary and tyrannical law; for it is based on a theory of education that is closely akin to the Church's teaching on religion.

Among those who have stood for non-Catholic education, it is necessary to distinguish several classes. Some do so on the purely practical basis that it is at present illegals and schools; some do so on the comparison of the respective merits of Catholic and non-Catholic schools; others take the snobbish stand of the fancied better social and intellectual contacts to be gained in non-Catholic schools; but still others seem to have adopted a real theory of education, one perilously near Dr. Millikan's theory for the solution of a conflict between religion and science.

What is this theory? It is simply that knowledge and religion lie in different fields, that the field of religion "lies outside the region in which intellectual knowledge is possible." Apply this to education and what do we get? Religion suffers, and education is not furthered. First of all, if religion lies outside the realm of knowledge, if it is only a set of regulated emotions, or at best a set of subjective attitudes, then it makes no difference where our young people get their knowledge, provided they also get their religion at the same time. They can go to their professor for their knowledge and to their pastor for their religion.

Secondly, if their professor is also among those who hold religion to lie outside the region in which knowledge is possible, what kind of an education will they receive? He will probably be one who also puts metaphysics outside the region of knowledge, and then they will receive an education which leaves out of count the essential postulates of all human branches of education: the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will, the existence of God our Creator, Divine Providence, the whole moral order, and the whole supernatural order besides.

On either count, educational or religious, such an education is objectionable. He who would think that he can get his education in one place and his religion in another, would be like Editor Pott's critic in "Pickwick Papers" who reviewed a book on "Chinese metaphysics." When asked what he knew of this subject, he replied that he got it out of the encyclopedia, "he read for metaphysics under the letter M and for China under the letter C, and combined his information."

Catholic Immigration to Alberta

E. L. CHICANOT

IT is generally recognized as inevitable that the Dominion of Canada will, in the years immediately ahead, be the bourne of countless families from the countries of Europe in search of new homes and fresh outlets. This, it is felt, is the more assured, since the United States, for a century the immigrant's land of hope, has decided that it has population enough and that natural increase will care for the future needs of the country. A new and Dominion-wide effort has come about in Canada, in which individuals, social and benevolent organizations, national and religious societies are working along their own lines not only to secure new immigrants of their own nationality, religion, or other classification, but also to look after them upon arrival and care for them until they are well able to stand on their own feet.

Now the Dominion of Canada is 40 per cent Catholic and it is in the natural order of things that Catholics in Western Canada should wish to take advantage of developing their country along their own religious lines, and securing coreligionists as new settlers, especially when they are also of their own nationality. A handicap, however, towards any great concentration of Catholic effort in the area has been the haphazard method of settlement which has taken place, dividing Catholic families individually very widely over the expansive territory, and resulting in few colony settlements, except in the case of French Canadians or Europeans gregariously inclined by reason of linguistic difficulties. It is therefore all the more gratifying to find that one of the most successful and beneficial immigration movements in Western Canada, one which has already been productive of wonderful results, is attributable in inception and execution to the Catholic clergy.

The settlement of Hebrideans in Western Canada has a good deal of publicity, most of it premature. Looking at it from the standpoint of the present time, with the work accomplished, it has been one of the most satisfactory immigration movements in every way that Canada has ever known. A delegation headed by the Very Rev. Canon MacDougall, Dean of the Outer Hebrides, which came out to Canada in the fall of 1924 to investigate the condition of Hebridean settlers in the country with a view to finding justification for expanding the movement, made a favorable report. The potential development of the migration was considered of such significance that Dr. Donald Martin, Bishop of Argyle and the Isles, himself visited Canada and went thoroughly into the matter of Hebridean settlement, expressing himself at the conclusion as entirely satisfied.

The settlement of Hebrideans in Western Canada has not only been a very successful Catholic movement of great mutual benefit but in its organization and manner of accomplishment has set a new national standard in Canadian immigration and pointed the way for other schemes.

A Canadian priest, the Rev. R. A. McDonnell, himself

a Hebridean, was the original instigator of the movement which has expanded to such proportions and promises to continue until the greater part of the population of the islands has been translated to Canadian soil. Learning of the distress at home of his people in the post-war era he saw a wonderful opportunity of helping them and at the same time benefiting the land of his adoption. He interested Bishop Fallon, of London, Ontario, and through his aid a large farm was purchased to be used as a clearing center for young Hebrideans, where they could receive a short preliminary training before being placed at work on farms in Ontario. Since this farm was established four years ago, there has been a steady stream of sturdy young men from the Scottish islands to it, there to secure experience in Canadian farming methods, later to go to work on provincial farms, and ultimately to graduate on to farms of their own and set out on the path of independence.

This initial movement attracted the attention of the Canadian Pacific Railway which saw vaster possibilities in it and offered to co-operate with Father McDonnell. At the company's invitation a delegation of Hebridean authorities came out to Canada and investigated settlement possibility, the result being so satisfactory that they offered the railway company their entire sympathetic co-operation. This enormously aided Father McDonnell's work and in 1922 he brought out forty families, which were the first to try Canadian opportunity on the western plains and which were settled in two groups about the cities of Calgary and Edmonton, in Alberta, the Archdiocese of Archbishop O'Leary.

Their progress was watched with great interest and certain apprehension, transplanted as these people were from small island homes within the eternal sound of the ocean to the broad horizon-brimmed prairies, and from the cultivation of small patches of land with antiquated implements to the large acreages necessitating the use of elaborate modern machinery. Their natural intelligence and assiduity, however, stood them in good stead, and in a short while these simple crofters were completely at home. So uniformly satisfied were they that they wrote back to relatives and friends urging them to follow their example and became of the greatest aid in expanding the movement from Scotland.

Further progress was made in 1923 when an Indian farm in Central Alberta was purchased to be used as a central depot to receive Hebridean immigrants and shelter them until they might be distributed. In that year some eight hundred people from Northern Scottish islands came to Alberta and were either aided in the purchase of farms or found places on farming establishments, there to acquire the necessary experience before taking up the pursuit for themselves.

The movement had reached such proportions as to be beyond the capacity of a single individual, no matter how zealous and hard-working, and Father McDonnell, with the assistance of Archbishop O'Leary, interested several Catholic individuals of influence in Alberta who formed the Scottish Immigration Aid Society, with Father

McDonnell as managing-director, to carry on the work. Its object was to extend Hebridean settlement in Alberta which it set about doing in an unique and peculiarly satisfactory manner. Land was secured west of Red Deer in Central Alberta, and on this cottages were erected. These were intended for temporary homes for Hebridean settlers whilst they learn the ways of the country and the farming methods of Western Canada. On these they remain for one or two years and then graduate to farms of their own in Archbishop O'Leary's territory, which are sold to them on peculiarly advantageous terms. This was an extremely novel and far-seeing step in immigration, which could not help but work out to entire satisfaction. Hebridean crofters and their families, after traveling thousands of miles by sea and land, instead of having to undergo the customary hardships of pioneering, find a home awaiting each of them, readily provisioned and with all in readiness for an immediate start. In 1924 more than 1,000 settlers from the Scottish islands were conducted to Western Canada by Father McDonnell and housed in the new colony.

In the present year a more ambitious program than ever has been arranged by Archbishop O'Leary and the Society. Through participation in the terms of the Overseas Settlement Scheme a substantial block of land in Northern Alberta, consisting of 30,000 acres, was purchased and this is to form a new Hebridean colony. On this block 180 houses have been erected and in the course of the year 180 families will be placed in them. As each family arrives it will find everything in complete readiness for immediate residence and an immediate start on farming operations. Further, through money procurable from measures of the same Act, each family will be assisted in getting actual farm operations under way with a loan of \$1,500. It is the farthest reaching, most elaborate step, which has probably ever been taken in Canadian agricultural settlement.

Archbishop O'Leary of Edmonton is a most active and energetic worker for Catholic immigration to his province and his efforts in this direction are by no means limited to those extended to inhabitants of the Hebrides. He is ceaselessly striving to develop the Catholic rural communities in his territory by the addition of coreligionists from across the sea. Of late, taking advantage of the restrictions of entry to the United States, which has never ceased to be the goal of thousands of Irish, and in the conviction that there are in Ireland a few in every parish who would benefit by coming to Western Canada, efforts have been extended to the Emerald Isle somewhat along the same line as proved so successful in Scotland.

A couple of years ago an Irish priest, with long experience in rural communities in Alberta, was dispatched by His Grace to the Irish Free State with the object of bringing to the attention of prospective immigrants the opportunities in his Archdiocese. His work has been to enlist young men and grown-up families of the farming class finding it difficult to get work, and also girls who might desire to enter domestic service, and to conduct them personally through to Alberta and put them directly

into touch with Archbishop O'Leary's organization. In 1924 he sailed for Canada with a party of one hundred from the north of Ireland and forty from the south, and the first party of 1925 consisted of eighty individuals who came through to Alberta. All these are now at work in various rural communities and facing excellent prospects with ultimate farming independence, and have added to the Catholic population of Western Canada.

The Archbishop's organization is a very efficient and most admirable one, a very progressive departure in Canadian immigration. Through the co-operation brought about among the Catholic communities immigrants are sure of a kindly reception and of immediate disposition. Girls, the demand for whom can never be satisfied, are immediately placed in domestic positions and work is found for the men on farms where they can acquire experience in Western Canadian agricultural methods and at the same time earn money towards their own launching

out on establishments of their own. A close supervision is maintained over all newcomers and they are encouraged in every way to learn thoroughly the ways of Western Canada's first industry so as to make themselves ready as soon as possible to take land of their own, in which they will be guided and assisted.

The efforts of Archbishop O'Leary and the Catholic clergy of Alberta constitute one of the most beneficial and effective agencies for increased population, since Catholics in whatever countries they have penetrated, can be assured that the advice to migrate will be extended entirely on the basis of the ultimate good of prospective emigrants, and that the instigators of such a movement have nothing in mind but the material and spiritual well-being of their coreligionists. The exodus so auspiciously started should swell to great proportions in the future years, for Western Canada in the past quarter of a century has had a meteoric development scarcely equaled in history.

Saving Souls in New Mexico

ANNA C. MINOGUE

IT was an August day in New Mexico. From a pitiless sky, the sun poured its rays upon a desert as pitiless. Around, desolation and loneliness; penetrating all, a sense of futility, and everywhere the nameless terror of doom.

Out of this, the priest crept to the adobe hut which he called home. Its dust and disorder rose up as if endowed with life and evil power. Demons of torture everywhere—the most dominant and relentless within his own soul.

Sitting there, he saw himself as he had been. Instead of the sands of the desert,—creeping, always creeping, when even the brazen sun seems stationary and living things to hold their breath,—instead of that, he saw the old German town where he was born and his youth was spent. It had seemed a high adventure to volunteer for the American missions. . . . Souls off there, thousands of souls, and so few to minister to them. How sorry he had been for the young priests who stayed at home! New Mexico! How romantically vague it had sounded! Burning deserts and snowcapped mountains sighting each other, trails untrodden by the white man, a shadowy brown line of Padres, and he, in the twentieth century, to continue their work. Much they had endured, much overcome, but proselytism had not entered into their conflict. They never saw their children led into heresy, they witnessed no rending of the seamless robe among their people.

He had grown to love the New Mexicans with a passionate devotion. He would as soon tear the heart from his body as separate himself from them. Their effort in the face of conditions was heroic, their family love enduring, their devotion to the Faith strong. All their virtues he recognized, "their few faults shut up like dead flowerets." Their poverty was appalling, their neglect

beyond comprehension. A people with latent possibilities worth any speculation, less regarded than the Indian and the Negro.

If American Catholics gave some consideration to the needs of their brethren in New Mexico, Father Peter Kuppers would not have been sitting that August day in an adobe hut, with despair gnawing at his heart. This is no tale I am telling. I had it from the priest himself.

Upon him, while still comparatively young in the ministry, had been laid the burden of the parish of Peñasco. Larger than many a diocese, with thirteen missions and a number of stations, his life was and is practically spent in the saddle. Home, in the proper sense, until very recently, he had not. Where night found him, he spent it. What food the poor people had to offer he ate.

A sectarian body had opened a school at Embudo, one of his principal missions. The institution, well equipped by the Eastern Mission Board, offered opportunities, which the parents felt they could not deny their children. The New Mexican should not be the step by which the outlander rises to wealth and power and the rulership of the State. But to be able to cope with him, to come unto their own, their children must be educated.

None more fully approved of such a sentiment than the Padre, product of the highest European culture. But when he beheld the wreckage of Faith which must follow, when he beheld those future leading New Mexicans professing a sectarian creed or openly agnostic, then the iron entered his soul.

He was helpless. He was too close in the councils of his Archbishop not to know aid could not come from Santa Fe. The absolute necessity for a school at Embudo was apparent to the Archbishop, but he was as helpless as his distraught priest.

If only he could reach his fellow-Catholics, for Christ's sake, to save his children! But what was he? A poor, unknown priest, without money to buy even a package of tobacco; he had given his last quarter to a needy woman that day. But he did not believe that he had yet reached the last moment of endurance.

On the rudely-fashioned table lay a Catholic paper, which a brother-priest, in mercy, had re-mailed to him. He picked it up, but its news only served to irritate his sore heart. Dedications of churches, building of parochial residences, opening of schools, blessing of costly altars, results of parish entertainments; so the story ran.

Then, desultorily, he read the account of the convention of the Catholic Ladies of Columbia in Cincinnati. But the resolutions adopted by the delegates roused his interest. They were, in some particulars, out of the ordinary. He thought that they reflected a mind, with a vision of what a society of intelligent Catholic women could do. Came the inspiration to write to them, lay his cause before them, even as long ago Columbus laid his before Queen Isabella. It would be fitting that "Ladies of Columbia" should help these Spanish-American children. The report carried the name of the Supreme President of the order, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Wolf, of Dayton, Ohio.

The letter was written and sent. When the Supreme President of the fraternal society for Catholic women, read it, its appeal to her was instant. She may not have visioned the possible undertaking, in that first hour, for her organization; but very acutely she visioned the distress of the priest. She sent the letter to the editor of the official organ of the society, with the request that it should be published and the members asked to assist Father Koppers.

It happened that the editor had lived in the Southwest. She had been in New Mexico, and was somewhat familiar with conditions there. Whatever power of appeal and persuasion she possessed, she poured it into her editorial on the priest's letter. Here was work for this group of Catholic women to do, and to the honor of the Catholic Ladies of Columbia, then numbering scarcely 7,000 members, it was done.

With an enthusiasm that was heartening, the subordinate councils began to raise their funds. In the larger centers, especially in Dayton, these were generous. With the first contributions in hand and assured of more to come, a two-room school was built at Embudo, by the happily astonished Father Koppers. It was not a costly investment, for headed by their Padre, the parishioners, men and women, made the adobe bricks and laid them, added roof, floors, doors and windows; and the school of the Catholic Ladies of Columbia, under the patronage of St. Joseph, was completed in a few weeks. Two lay teachers were employed.

The first year reduced the sectarian school by half; the second year left it scarcely twenty-five pupils, not all of those being New Mexicans. The sectarians did not accept these withdrawals in silence; poor mothers were even offered a weekly and sorely needed stipend to con-

tinue their children in the school. But it was refused.

With Advent and preparations for Christmas, the members of the Society remembered their school, and for the first time there was a crib in the poor adobe church, and the children beheld the marvel of a Christmas tree, with wonderful toys on it for each one, and sweets such as they had never tasted.

The school had to be enlarged, another teacher secured, and to every new demand, the C. L. of C. responds; for, holding no legal title to it, it is regarded as belonging to the Order. It was undertaken on official appeal and is carried on with official approval. Reports of its progress are regularly made in the official organ; the annual subscription and Christmas box are regarded by the subordinate councils as a duty. At the Convention of the Supreme Council this past summer in Cleveland, Supreme President, Mrs. Constance Girardot, included the school in her official report of the Order during her three years' incumbency; and the delegates voted to pay off the remaining debt of \$500 on the institution.

In 1924, a friend sent Father Koppers to Germany to visit his aged father and recuperate his failing health. On his way back, he stopped in several places to make a report to the Councils there of the C. L. of C. school. In his addresses, he told of conditions existing in his New Mexican parish. Said one Ohio pastor, after listening to such a recital: "We priests in cities think we work pretty hard. Since hearing Father Koppers, I think we are always on vacation," and turning to the President of the Council that flourishes in his parish, he told her to take anything she wanted from the sacristy for Father Koppers' poor mission churches.

The box of vestments, altar linens, etc., which later went from that town, told how sincere were the good priest's words. Many other pastors were equally generous, and we are of the opinion that in consequence Father Koppers' parish of Peñasco, with its many missions, is fairly well supplied, and this without the expenditure of a dollar.

This improved condition of his churches is due to the zealous interest of the members of the Catholic Ladies of Columbia. A comparatively small society, its membership largely made up of that class of women who splendidly do their part for their parish and Diocese, they by concentrating their interest, as a body, upon this one part of the vast mission field of their country, are building up religion there and establishing the parochial school. In his letter to the Delegates to the Supreme Council of the Order in Cleveland, His Grace, Archbishop Daeger of Santa Fe, wrote: "Had Father Koppers not received the help the Catholic Ladies of Columbia gave him, Embudo would have been lost to the Church."

This year sees their school placed beyond the possibility of failure, in the transfer of its charge to the Dominican Sisters from Marywood, Michigan. With the white robed Daughters of St. Dominic in Embudo, we may safely affirm that the reign of proselytism has passed and the progress of Christian education, social betterment, religion, assured. The coming of the Sisters

to Embudo already has had its effect upon the people of Peñasco, and the school, long hoped for there, will soon become a reality, with Dominican Sisters likewise in charge. With more schools like these, New Mexico can be saved.

Father Finn and a Library

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

WHEN the present writer was reckoning his first decade of existence, Father Finn was his great hero as the "priest who wrote boys' books." An interval of thirty years, embracing the pleasure of a five years' personal acquaintance with the creator of Tom Playfair, has served to widen the above mentioned admiration on my part and has enlarged Father Finn's activities in an unwonted variety and efficiency. Two years ago on the occasion of my confrere's silver jubilee as Director of the Cincinnati St. Xavier Parochial School and Spiritual Adviser to the Young Ladies Sodality of the same parish, I had the pleasure of writing an article in *AMERICA* entitled "Father Finn, Social Worker." Since then, despite his sixty-sixth birthday last October 4, though, of course, you will consider this information "confidential," Father Finn has inaugurated a new enterprise, "The Little Flower Library."

The title is happy. The literary creator of Tom Playfair, Percy Wynn and Harry Dee has devoted his exceptional ability and untiring energy largely to the cause of youth. The result has been a literary shower of roses. How many American Catholics under forty-five years of age would deny the statement in the case of their own youthful days? And a little more pertinent to Father Finn's wishes, would you not, kind reader, desire, at least on second thought, to have *all* American Catholic youth read nineteen of this author's books and eighty-one works of other Catholic juvenile writers? And on third thought, would you not be confirmed in your desire when you recollect that there are thousands of Catholic youth who do not and cannot attend a parochial school and as a consequence have little or no chance to read books which delighted and assisted your young life as they did, I know, mine? Well, just such is the apostolic purpose of the Little Flower Library.

But I must confide to you another "confidential" fact about Father Finn. Though poor as Job's proverbial turkey, he is a successful high financier. For instance, he has conducted St. Xavier's free parochial school in Cincinnati over a period of twenty-seven years in a poor down-town parish, where the children represent the ancestral blood of many nations. Again, and this time in a collegiate atmosphere, he has been the leading good angel in the brick and mortar underwriting of the new St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, Ohio. What is his alchemy secret? This much at least I know, that he thought twice before he christened his latest venture, the Little Flower Library.

However, his chief aim at present, as well as my own in writing these lines, is not an appeal to finance his new enterprise, though all checks I am sure will be welcome

in his mail at 520 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, but to have every Catholic youth of America read the hundred books listed in his Little Flower Library. There is no expense in taking out these volumes, except that of United States postage to and fro. Father Finn has nothing to sell, unless you will pardon the slang of the day, "to sell his idea." He is anxious to lend Catholic literature, yet strange, is it not, that he experiences difficulty in finding guests for his mental and spiritual banquet. Will *AMERICA* help him to go out into the highways and byways and bring in unwilling or hampered guests, the neglected Catholic youth of America? There may be houses in country places or small cities, where the works of writers like Father Finn, Father Spalding, Father Gross, Father Copus, Father Boyton, etc., would need an introduction. If so who will induce leaders of Boy Scouts, teachers or other responsible persons to write to the Doyer of our juvenile writers, and make application for one or more of the hundred titles in his Little Flower Library?

This may be the cause of more good than can now be envisaged. Youth is susceptible to the ideal. Imagination in the young is more moving than in matured minds. In the Catholic juvenile literature, endorsed by Father Finn, will be found the ideal colored by imaginative, ennobling rainbows. Again youth seeks pictures. Give it wholesome ones and a fire may be enkindled, less noble no doubt, but akin, we may hope, to that which inspired a young Teresa of Avila or an Aloysius of Gonzaga. Such, I know, are the hopes of Father Finn, such the motives which have spurred him on, as well as several of his co-laborers and devoted laity, to devote their time and energies to the task of building up a Catholic juvenile literature as a potent missionary in sustaining the Faith.

I am not exaggerating, though perhaps I should explain. I need, however, not label as "confidential" my next statement that Father Finn is an optimist. Every one who knows him is aware of the fact. Really he might have coined the phrase, ridiculed by pessimistic philosophers, *Omne Ens Bonum*. But in the case of Catholic juvenile literature working unto good, Father Finn can produce his evidence before the court. He has the testimony of more than two or three witnesses, who attest that the beginnings of their priestly or religious lives were the reading of Tom Playfair or other creations of the priest story-writer. And who of us has not been touched by his reference to manly religion?

But Catholic juvenile literature can do other good. There are parts of our country, where for one reason or other the youth of our faith lack the encouragement that comes from large community numbers. On the contrary, their associates are largely non-Catholic. For them to read a book of the Little Flower Library means natural pride in their supernatural heritage. Surely this is not to be overlooked. I am happy to say that it is these parts of our land that Father Finn's bibliophile idea longs to conquer. And it has partly triumphed. He is now, Alexander-like looking for new worlds to conquer. Requests have come to his library from such distant States as Maine, New York, Massachusetts, Florida, Georgia, New Mex-

ico, Minnesota, Louisiana and even British Columbia. Yet the front should be wider and stronger. There are many weak salients in it.

A last word. Father Finn has the youth of his sixty-six years, but, if his campaign of spreading Catholic juvenile literature is apostolic, and I trust you agree with

me, should he not be relieved of its burdens? Is it not properly the work of an organization? The Knights of Columbus, the Daughters of Isabella, National Catholic Conferences, Laymen's Guilds, flash before my mind. This I know, that Father Finn would easily find other less burdensome employment.

The Hospitableness of Graveyards

LEO R. WARD, C.S.C.

LINGERING once near the grave of a man whose body lies in the shadow of his own great institution I heard a stranger to the spot exclaim "And this is S.'s grave! this the monument they have raised to him!" The monument is a metal cross.

It is a cross, you see, and the ground is blessed, and people go there to pray.

Far from that place I knew, for a couple of years, the equivocal thrill of living near two great cemeteries of a large city. In one of these the soldiers' graves are ranked, row on many a row, and not all of them marked by crosses either. A few admirable sycamores and maples and willows canopy this plot, but for the most part the bare and rich greensward is hardly broken by any living thing; all is in keeping with military precision and lack of superfluity. Across the road from this, is the other cemetery where the curious may read, high on a stout shaft: "To the glory of God and in memory of John B. who gave to the church this glebe of 100 acres, A. D. 1719." And it is a charming glebe, even for a graveyard. Almost every grave here is overblown with all the sweetest breath of summer and, more immediately, is trellised with Japanese honeysuckle. But how few crosses have been slipped in; and these few are put into little out-of-the-way corners. In a commanding central position sits the Lady Grief, something of a virago perhaps, plaintive as she should be, and a trifle terrible, but altogether such a work of art as you will not find outside our best museums. Indeed, it is from the eloquent hand of Saint-Gaudens, the man who did the superb Lincoln now acclaimed everywhere.

Now about those two cemeteries there is nothing exteriorly grotesque or awful; indeed many times, even apart from the wailing November days, I have chosen to stroll through or between them. But at heart there is something amiss with those homes of the dead. Never did I see a knee bent on one of those tombs and only once have I seen a hat raised; once, but only once, at a funeral, I heard a few poor made-up prayers, a kind of eulogium to God, read sonorously to an impatient knot of mourners. The whole unlivableness of the procedure,—there was nothing like prayer about it,—it seemed particularly at odds with a cemetery.

Half way across the continent again, there is a cemetery that has almost nothing of the verdure of these we have just visited, nothing of the honeysuckle or the mignonette or the garden paths or lawns. But there is not

nearly so much death about it. First we go, naturally, by the way of the old stone church that looks southward benignly upon a hillside of graves and warms them. (The old stone church—what good stuff went into it, as into those graves—the same stuff.) I once attended a funeral there, long ago. I can only remember that it was Uncle Tom (a paternal granduncle) we buried, and that Father Pat (himself laid away now, Lord rest him) said "This good man labored many a hard day with those who quarried the rock for our church." And as I was often assured before and after, the builders of that church labored on what we should consider a scanty and insufficient sustenance, mostly corn: corn-bread with home-made sorghum, roasting ears in season, and occasionally a bit of bacon, itself corn-fed or mast-fed. Uncle Tom helped to raise up not merely the church, but with Auntie Kate he reared how blessedly big a family I shall not in these days dare to state. I only assure you there were twins and triplets in that family, and that the triplets, Bid, Ed, and Richard, are still heartily living and they are well into the fifties.

So we bless ourselves again at the stoop and loiter off toward the cemetery. Here we must go very carefully; for the sexton, who all summer tends his patch of corn, cannot keep ahead of the poison ivy and the general wildness.

You go not far within, when on your left hand you come to Juanita's grave. Who was Juanita? Heaven knows. The sexton does not know and, he avers, neither does any living soul in the parish know. The best and most consistent legend you will find is something like this: Juanita was a kind of waif, a fair fragile girl perhaps fifteen who died when with her parents she was crossing the plains in a van. Here she lies buried, sweet Juanita, with her name and her cross and her stout picket all in rusty iron.

Near Juanita is the grave of one yet more a child, with a lamb recumbent on the headstone; and the sexton assured me that he might work or pray where he would, but "my little girl," said he, "will pray only for the child with a lamb to watch her grave." And but a pace farther is the resting place of Patrick K. who after pottering around in three centuries (I am told he was no whirlwind) laid down his bones: "Born 1799. Died 1901." Bless you, the man in the space of one little lifetime, saw almost all our great Presidents and many persons who filled the gaps between great Presidents.

Away down in the choicest part of the cemetery,—

whose graves, three of them side by side, can those be, the best kept in the whole place? "Those are," says the sexton, "those—guess." But I cannot. "Those are the graves of Mrs. M. D.'s three husbands." Oh, Mrs. M. D., what a bid you make for the fourth, by your post-mortem care of the three. "And this lot, these cannot be the graves of H.'s father and mother," I say, "so unkept." "It is the way he wants them," I am informed; "year in and year out H. will insist on letting those weeds stand." And let this not appear unnatural. As in all things else, good men have in headstones and epitaphs their own preferences.

Another particularly grand old cemetery I sometimes have reminiscently before me. A grand old cemetery, but abandoned. Of all things to be abandoned! Nobody is being buried there anymore. And of all wailful notes, that must be the saddest that is solemnly wafted through a cemetery, nobody being buried there anymore. Why, its very vocation and benediction were to receive into its capacious and kindly lap bodies fretted and sore and tired, worn out. No new voices on the night winds, and the old ones falling fainter and fainter.

Well, in Bertrand Cemetery at any rate, you read, sketched terribly here, the story of a little community where one hundred years ago Catholic life was glowing but where now the whole place is said to lie under a curse, and the very site of the church has become uncertain. You read for instance the story of some plague, the cholera or the small-pox, I presume; for it carried off in one short awful week out of one family four children—almost the family, one should fear. Well, their feverish chubby arms and parching lips they soon rested; and here in their sunken-down mouldering graves they lie side by side, as perhaps they lay sick in their cradle. Their names are nearly weather-washed from the cheap stone.

At home I used often to jaunt with brothers and sisters to our grandfather's, and we did move faster as we neared the sunless north end of a certain old apple-orchard and passed a well-marked scraggy lone elm. For there is Lincolnpelter's grave. Who Lincolnpelter was, I do not pretend to know; Lincoln I suppose was his first name and that is a name great enough for any man, but we called him *Lincolnpelter*, with all the accent hurried into the first syllable. And now I only wonder that, in our Catholic community, a man should lie so much alone in that bleak unblest spot.

Edgar Allen Poe's grave I saw when it was all robed in snow; and a creaking old wooden church is there looking out of a haggard eye and chattering its teeth all winter long and all summer too, I think, at poor Poe. However, that cold, weird, almost haunted setting is not too greatly at odds with the marvelous creator of the Rue Morgue Murders and The Raven. I wanted to set my not undeferential foot within that old church; but it is the inhospitable way with some dry sects never all the week (or all the summer!) to unbolt the church doors. And of all things that should never be barred against a man I think first of these two, his home and his church; and, at the last of course, a third: his bit of consecrated ground.

Education

How Federal Bureaus Grow

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

ON Saturday, the last day of October, the New York *Sun* ran a short interview with the President of the National Education Association, in which that officer dwelt upon the Association's intention to introduce a bill at the next session of Congress, creating a Federal Department of Education. On the following Monday a correspondent wrote expressing his surprise that anyone could be so simple as even to hope for the establishment of this department. Well, hope springs eternal, and no law—as yet—forbids an overt expression of expectancy, or an alert lobby capitalized for the purpose of transforming what is hoped for into what is. But the attitude of my correspondent, "The bill's dead, and what's the use of bothering about it" invites disaster. The bill is so much alive that it appeals as a working programme not only to the National Education Association but also to the Southern (shades of Jefferson Davis!) Masons, and according to the New York *World*, to the sordid yet fairly successful political campaigners known as the Ku Klux Klan.

Vigorous criticism has forced a number of changes in the original Smith-Towner Federal Education bill of 1918, all cleverly designed to mask the real purpose of the bill to govern the local schools through a control centralized at Washington. The latest amended form to fall under my notice reduces the annual appropriation authorized from \$100,000,000 to \$1,500,000, which sum is to be used for salaries and incidental expenses. Thus the \$100,000,000 fifty-fifty plan is abandoned, but in my judgment, only temporarily. From the outset it was held by proponents of the bill that the States needed "a form of stimulation," to use the euphemism of Keith and Bagley in "The Nation and the Schools," and since this stimulation could not be applied by the States themselves, it necessarily had to be furnished by the Federal Government. If that argument was sound in 1918 and in 1924, I fail to see why it is unsound today, and if those who pleaded for Federal money up to the present time really meant what they said, there is no reason why they should not continue to work for it. And they do so work, I think, but what they now plan is a kind of deferred payment. Get the bill through Congress, establish the Department, and the fifty-fifty system can gradually be attached to it on plea of its necessity.

As a matter of history, exactly that plan has been followed in the Children's Bureau. The Bureau was created to make surveys and gather statistics, but very little else was attached to it. The objection that the Bureau would by degrees become an expensive instrument, was met by the assurance that an appropriation of approximately \$25,000 would never be exceeded. "More would not be needed," protested Congressmen who favored the Bureau. "What could the Bureau do with it?" True enough, the appropriation for 1913 and the following year was only \$26,400. But Bureaus and Departments ex-

pending Federal funds have a habit of growing; an incurable habit as long as the average of office-holders remains what it is. In 1916, the appropriation rose to \$164,500, an increase of more than 600 per cent, and in 1918 it took a sudden leap to \$423,760.

Of course, there are reasons; there always are! When there is question of spending the tax-payer's money economy flies out of the window. A note to the statistics furnished me some days ago by the Children's Bureau, attributes the 1918 increase to the child-labor law afterwards declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. For the enforcement of this law, the Bureau was assigned \$150,000, or almost six times the original appropriation, and this, be it noted, *for one only* among the many activities by this time fostered by the Bureau! But even with allowance made for this item, the original appropriation had jumped from \$26,400 to \$273,760—an increase of more than 1,000 per cent in five years.

Then and there the old claim that the Bureau would never, *never* ask for more than \$26,400, in fact would not know what to do with more, lay down and died and was buried in a lonely grave.

But we are not at the end of the passage. In 1919, the appropriation was \$518,160, or about twenty times what it was in 1913, which is fairly vigorous growth for an infant. This increase, I am informed, was caused by "\$150,000 for Children's Year; \$100,000 for Child Labor Contract Clause—all from the President's fund," the President being the late Woodrow Wilson, "and \$125,000 for the enforcement of the child-labor act." By 1920 and 1921, appropriations dropped, because of the Supreme Court's activity, to \$280,040 and \$271,000, respectively, but brighter days were in sight. So bright were they that from the figures submitted by the Bureau, I judge a new system of keeping the accounts went in force in 1922. In that year, under the head of appropriations for the Bureau I find only \$271,040, an increase of a bare \$40 over 1921. This looks like economy, but in the column to the right I find "Appropriations under the Maternity and Infancy act, \$490,000, \$12,500 allowed the Bureau for administrative purposes" or a total of \$761,040. The \$26,400 of 1913, is now in its lonely grave, and right here I may be permitted to observe that the new system of accounts insinuates a falsehood.

For 43 Stat. 135, which is a designation for the Shepperd-Towner Maternity act, appoints the Chief of the Children's Bureau to the Board of Maternity and Infant Hygiene which it creates, and provides that "The Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor shall be charged with the administration of this act, except as herein otherwise provided, and the Chief of the Children's Bureau shall be the executive officer" (Sec. 3). In plain language, the Shepperd-Towner act enlarged the powers and stipends of the Children's Bureau, and while pretending to create a Board of Maternity and Infant Hygiene as a check, made it plain that for all intents and purposes the check and the Bureau itself were distinct in little more than name. By 1923, then, the Bureau had stretched the original \$26,400 to \$1,551,040, thereby registering an in-

crease on the original deposit of *nearly 6,000 per cent!*

This, I submit, is business at which even that master of efficiency, Henry Ford, would not crinkle his placid nose. The same rate was repeated in 1924, but thereafter President Coolidge began to demand economy or the reason why not. Hence the appropriation shrank in 1925 into a miserly \$1,345,072.47, and for 1926 it sinks into nothing; that is, into \$1,313,000, or almost exactly fifty times what it was in 1913.

Could the lesson be plainer? The same spirit which brought the Shepperd-Towner Federal maternity act into existence, over the protest of the American Medical Association, wrote the original Smith-Towner Federal education bill. The men and women who worked for the maternity bill and the old education bill, are now enlisting support for the new and amended educational bill, since they are confident that once the Department is established, it is only a matter of time when the fifty-fifty plan can be added to it, as it was added to the Children's Bureau. Let us be wise in time, and kill this snake, not scotch it.

Sociology

Why Not Shoot the Professor?

JOHN WILTBYE

IN England it is the custom of the country to punish criminals. Since the custom came over with William the Conqueror, or even earlier, as some think, the benighted British cling to it with constancy and affection. They do not write letters to the *Times* about it; they just keep on punishing criminals, as one of the inalienable prerogatives of free-born Britons; their soul is that of Emma Micawber who would never desert her Wilkins. Crime, they believe, is not one of those vague entities like the "it" which the Archbishop of Canterbury in Lewis Carroll's tale found advisable, nor is it an elusive something that floats about in the air unconnected with an agent, such as the disembodied grin of the Cheshire Cat. Arguing with muddy logic that crime connotes a criminal, they conclude that while a crime already committed cannot be undone by jailing the perpetrator, a crime yet to be committed may be prevented by keeping persons convicted of crime in jail. "Jail criminals," they will tell you, "and you will probably decrease crime." Clearly this is a stupid brand of philosophy, but precisely what one would expect from people who live in fogs, and warm their beer. The sole point to be urged in rebuttal is that it works. For by comparison with the United States, there is very little crime in England.

Now in the United States we do not jail criminals but study them from the psychological point of view. This keeps some professors busy, and really does not interfere much with the burglar, the bootlegger, the embezzler and the murderer. They work while we study. As to this psychological research, "it makes nice reading for the leisured classes," said Miss Agnes Repplier in an address to teachers at Providence, Rhode Island, last month, "but it is not helpful. It simplifies matters to think of the

criminal as emotionally insane, but what good does it do?" Plainly, Miss Replier is worked up over the crime wave, and she hates ladies who murder their consorts more than Huck Finn's Jim hated King Solomon. "She gave realistic accounts," reports the *Providence Journal* for October 30, "of women throughout the country who had murdered their husbands, their consorts or their husbands' sweethearts." Miss Replier is entering a new field. After telling the story of a lady in Kansas City who with the applause of the clergy, the newspapers and the jury dispatched her boy friend with a knife and a shotgun, she paints this idyl of life in Philadelphia:

A woman shot and killed her husband and his stenographer. She offered no defense, but her year-old baby was brought into court to affect the jury and it did. The city went wild. Bulletins were issued on her health regularly as if she were the mistress of the White House. The State's witnesses were hissed, and the defense counsel patted her hand and called her "This dear little girl." The jury ignored the charge of the judge as most juries do today, and a verdict of acquittal was brought in on the charge of killing the stenographer. The charge of killing her husband was stopped by the State when the jury said it would give its verdict without leaving the box.

Fancy all that in Philadelphia! After her acquittal the lady sued the insurance company in which her husband carried a policy, and won her case. "Thus the killing of husbands can be changed from pleasure," comments Miss Replier, "into a profitable business."

But the essayist put her finger on one great source of our public shame when she said "The jury ignored the charge of the judge, as most juries do today." Judge Alfred J. Talley, of New York, said the same thing in substance in an address on November 2 to a gathering of the grand and petit jurors.

There is in the jury box today a reaction of the general lawlessness that pervades the country at large. We have men sitting on juries day after day who will not decide cases on the evidence, and will not vote to convict guilty men. The one who knows that fact best is the criminal who awaits trial in the Tombs across the Bridge of Sighs. That is why he is willing to take the chance—because he knows that jurors will not do their duty.

Who is to blame for this fearful perversion of justice? The sob sisters? The vile tabloid sheets that pander to the morbidity of the crowd? Lawyers forgetful of their oath to assist the court in doing justice to all who stop at nothing to block the processes of justice? Not even they. All would be powerless, if an audience had not been prepared to listen, and in my honest judgment, the real culprits are the secular colleges and universities.

For half a century these institutions have been poisoning the minds of young Americans with a destructively false philosophy, and the poison has seeped through to the public at large. According to the older idea, man was a free agent, answerable for his acts. The corrupt philosophy of secularism rejected the notion of the will's freedom. But with freedom gone, responsibility must go; so too judges, juries, jails, orders and prohibitions, for all are witnesses to the belief that man can control and direct his acts. You cannot punish a man by depriving

him of freedom, goods, or life, when he does what had been ordained to be by ancestry, environment, glands, or what not.

Theories of this sort do not mope in a lecture room or laboratory. To the criminal they are as useful a means of escape as a lie or a shotgun. Today they can flaunt themselves at the very bar of justice, and jurors are swayed by them, because they have already swayed a large section of the public. The tabloid press and the sob sisters are a symptom rather than a cause of the social disorder. Forget them, and find the cause in the Professor of Philosophy at a highly-endowed university teaching flaming youth that free will is a myth and responsibility for one's acts a metaphysical absurdity.

Note and Comment

Education Week at the
Catholic University

THE N. C. W. C. announces that "Education Week" will be observed at the Catholic University of America with a series of lectures by members of the University Faculty. The program is as follows: November 16, "The Constitution on Liberty and Justice," Dr. Charles H. McCarthy; "The Constitution as a Protector of Minorities," Dr. R. J. Purcell; "The Significance of the Supreme Court Decision in the Oregon School Case," Dr. John A. Ryan; "The New Education Bill," Dr. James H. Ryan November 18, "The Catholic Schools and Americanism," Dr. P. J. McCormick; "The Catholic Schools and the Progress of Science," Dr. Hardee Chambliss; "Catholic Americanization Movements," Dr. John O'Grady; "The Value of a Catholic College Education," Dr. F. P. Cassidy; November 20, "Religious Education," Dr. John M. Cooper; "The Religious Teacher," Dr. F. M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap.; "Catholic Teacher Training," Dr. George Johnson, and "Education for Peace," Mgr. E. A. Pace.

St. Joseph's Home of
the Little St. Teresa

FROM St. Joseph's Home of the Little St. Teresa, in Vechta, Oldenburg, comes a communication telling of the condition of the Sisters there, who are almost exclusively dependent upon alms for the support of 120 poor children in their charge. These helpless little ones are mostly without any parental home. No one wishes to provide for them and their callous parents have heartlessly given them over to whatever misery may befall them. The Sisters are God's good angels to them. "Since June," says the writer of the pitiful little note, "we have tried to secure some fuel for the winter, but nothing could be procured by us, and we still have no prospect of obtaining the necessary means. Our situation is really distressing beyond words." The letter concludes: "With great confidence we send these lines, accompanied by our prayers upon their long way."

A "Symposium" at
Georgian Court

ON November 8, beautiful Georgian Court College, Lakewood, New Jersey, was the scene of an unique gathering, when Don Marquis, Christopher Morley, and the beloved "Tom" Daly, met to conduct for the students and their invited guests a literary symposium. It would not have been easy to secure more capable representatives of modern American letters. For years "Tom" Daly has been singing his songs of brightness and cheer. His "Madrigali" are more than songs; many rise to the level of genuine poetry, and all are an authentic interpretation of men and women whose traditions are of art and beauty, and whose immediate environment is the ditch, the gas house, the railway gang and the small shop. Joyce Kilmer found poetry in the grocer's boy and the delicatessen, and "Tom" Daly gives us the words and music for the "white wings" of the city's street-cleaning department. Christopher Morley and Don Marquis are graduates of the daily column school of literature. In his recently published volume "The Dark Hours" Don Marquis entered a new field in which he reverently tells the story of the Passion. The symposium at Georgian Court College is the first which these three writers have conducted.

The Touch of
a Vanished Hand

DELEGATES to the international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, who met recently at Washington, engaged in a discussion of the influences which are responsible for the decline in morals among the youth of today. It is agreeable to note that one of the reasons ascribed was "too little application of 'woodshed' discipline." Our modern pedagogues have sometime since relegated the slipper and the switch to the attic, to repose there in useless oblivion. Corporal punishment in the school has long been out of the question. Years before the Christian era the pagan poet Terence held the belief that "it is better to restrain children through a sense of shame and by liberal treatment than through fear." Centuries previous to his time, the inspired Writer had declared: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him correcteth him betimes." Experience has shown the relative merits of the opposing systems, and at no time more clearly than in our own days. Wisdom is not the only virtue which might have a new beginning in a fear of the Lord, and of those who share His authority.

A Definition
of Education

IN another column is published an article relating to the theory that underlies the Catholic and the non-Catholic systems of education. On October 25, at the Mass of Thanksgiving at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Trinity College, Washington, the Rev. Dr. William J. Kerby delivered the sermon from which the following fine definition of Catholic education is taken:

I turn now to an attempt to describe the purpose of Trinity

College. It aims to substitute the direction of life for the habit of drifting with life. It aims to give to the students right direction, and to displace every tendency toward mistaken direction, of purpose, effort and spirit. The right direction which the college aims to give is fixed by the teaching of Jesus Christ, by the axiom of Christian culture, by the Christian law of social relations, and by the high spiritual compensations that are in keeping of God. The college aims so to teach the principles of self-control, and self-discipline, so to interpret human obligations, so to widen the power of fine appreciation, as to enable the students to shape their individual purposes in harmony with the plans of God. It seeks to give them social and spiritual power beyond their personal need in order that they may contribute generously through influence, service and example to the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God in the heart of humanity. It aims so to chasten the valuations which guide them and the delights which allure them, as to make them effective interpreters of the harmony of Divine life, each in her own particular sphere.

Could any words better emphasize the necessity of the Catholic college, or more clearly indicate the impotency of the non-Catholic college, to create the type of Christian scholar which is the ideal of the Catholic Church?

The Methodists
in Mexico

BISHOP George A. Miller, writing in the Methodist *Christian Advocate*, notes as one of the accomplishments of President Calles, whose inauguration last December "was hailed as the beginning of a new era for Mexico," that "he has held the Roman hierarchy at bay." That such a strong hand was needed for Mexico's liberation, the Methodist bishop is persuaded. For up to 1857, "so insidiously had the hierarchy tightened its grip on the country that all hope of progress was at an end unless this stranglehold could be broken." But it was broken. By the Constitution of 1857, notes the bishop, "the Church was stripped of its ill-gotten possessions, which were expropriated and sold for secular and private uses." Yet the insidious influences again asserted themselves, and precipitated the prohibition, of 1917, against any foreigner's exercising ecclesiastical act in Mexico. Not a very intelligent arrangement, observes the bishop, for while "the foreign exploiting priest got his due," the evangelical missionary also has to suffer." The bishop is hopeful, however, albeit he is not altogether logical. "In spite of all this," he notes, apropos of the Reform Constitution, "Mexico today still presents a most astonishing exhibition of numerous needless and useless church buildings." Yet in their fervent endeavors the bishop and his associates have only been able to "touch the fringes of the social situation" because of the "too-few primary and secondary schools and the light-giving churches." The foreign exploiting priest "got his due" when any but Mexicans, were forbidden to exercise ecclesiastical acts in Mexico, still Bishop Miller advertises that "Mexico needs three things from the United States," and the third is that "Protestant missionary work needs to be greatly strengthened and extended." Methodist readers are informed by the Methodist bishop in Mexico City that "All that Mexico asks is that the truth be told fairly." The bishop appears to be trying to give all that is asked.

Literature

The Negro Spirituals*

WILEY MARSHALL

THERE are hours of exaltation in this volume for all who love music and folk-lore. Of the music I am not competent to speak, except to testify to its extraordinary rhythm, harmony and melody. Whoever has heard a crowd of Negroes singing at a camp meeting, or has listened to a recital by the Fisk or Tuskegee students bears memories that will never die. The emotional quality of the Spirituals is extraordinary; even so finished an artist as Roland Hayes never sings them without tears on his cheek. But from the union of words and music there arises a force, far above emotion, which etches unforgettably the picture of an oppressed race sustained in the lowest depths of its woe by an abiding trust in God Who has promised to bind that which was broken and to bring back all that was lost. "You sang a race from wood and stone to Christ," exclaims Mr. Johnson in his noble poem "O Black and Unknown Bards." In these words Mr. Johnson has fixed, I think, the purpose of the unknown minstrels out of whose simple tortured hearts came forth no cries for vengeance but only a prayer that in their sorrow they might know the tenderness of Jesus. Not a name remains, not a singer is known. "There is a wide, wide wonder in it all" muses Mr. Johnson, and he asks

Heart of what slave poured out such melody
As "Steal Away to Jesus"? On its strains
His spirit must have nightly floated free,
Though still about his hands he felt his chains.
Who heard great "Jordan, roll"? Whose starward eye
Saw chariot "swing low"? And who was he
That breathed the comforting melodic sigh
"Nobody knows de trouble I see."

The Spirituals, then, are the authentic product of a black Israel in exile. It is futile to ask who wrote them; but it is important to remember that they are, in Mr. Johnson's words, "purely and solely the creation of the American Negro. . . . The Negro brought with him from Africa his native musical instinct and talent, and that was no small endowment to begin with."

As to the diction of the Spirituals, "it is pardonable to smile at its naivete," writes Mr. Johnson. But it is never "funny" or rollicking; composers and singers alike were deeply in earnest. I remember how at a Fisk concert in New York last Winter, when some in the audience laughed at "Who'll Be a Witness to My Lord?" the singers were visibly disconcerted. To them the song was rather a confession of Faith than an item in an entertainment.

Out of the centuries of oppression which followed that fatal landing of the Dutch ship at Jamestown in 1619, and the beginning of the New England traffic in human beings about 1646, was distilled the sublime music of the Spirituals. In the Colonies the Negro came in contact

with Christianity, it is true, but also with examples of inhuman brutality in those who professed Christianity which make us marvel that he did not turn from it with loathing. Bartered and sold as a chattel, set beyond the pale of society's consideration as a man who had no heart to be broken, out of the anguished soul of some unknown bard rose the wailing cry, the cry of his race in exile and his people in oppression, "Nobody knows how lone I am, nobody knows but Jesus." Was the longing for rest in the grave ever expressed more poignantly than in these lines?

I know de moon-rise, I know de star-rise,
I lay dis body down;
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight
To lay dis body down.
I walk in de graveyard, I walk throo de graveyard
To lay dis body down,
I lie in de grave an' stretch out my arms
An' I lay dis body down.
I go to de jedgment in de evenin' of de day
When I lay dis body down,
An' my soul an' yo' soul will meet in de day
When I lay dis body down.

Even while he cries, "O Lord, O Lord, O my good Lord, keep me f'om sinkin' down," the slave mourning in his cabin comforts himself with the thought he "ain' got long to stay here. For my Lord, He calls me; the trumpet sounds within my soul." He knows in whom he has trusted; "God in His Heab'n gwineter answer my prayer." Who can forget the tenderness and sweetness of "Steal Away to Jesus," or "I'm Troubled in Mind"?

I'm troubled, I'm troubled, I'm troubled in mind,
If Jesus don't help me, I sho'ly will die.
O Jesus, my Saviour, on Thee I'll depend,
When troubles are near me, you'll be my true Friend,
O laden with trouble and burdened with grief
To Jesus in secret I'll go for relief.

A like theme recurs in "O by an' by, O by an' by, I'm gwineter to lay down my heavy load," but before that day comes, there may be years of pain and suffering.

Keep a-inchin' along, keep a-inchin' along,
Massa Jesus is comin' by an' by,
Keep a-inchin' along like a po' inch-worm,
Massa Jesus is comin' by an' by.

For God who has ever protected His people "is jes' de same today."

When Moses an' his soldiers, f'om Egyp's lan' did flee
His enemies were in behin' him, an' in front of him de sea;
God raised de waters like a wall an' opened up de way
An' de God dat lived in Moses' time is jes' de same today.

Did'n' my Lord deliver Daniel,
An' why not every man?
He delivered Daniel f'om de lions' den
Jonah f'om de belly of de whale,
De Hebrew chillun f'om de fiery furnace,
An' why not every man?

The same trust in God is found in the glorious "Go Down Moses," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Who Dat A-Comin' Ovah Yondah?" "De Blin' Man Stood on De Road and Cried." Many of the Spirituals show a touching, child-like devotion to the Saviour, Refuge of the weary and oppressed; two, "What You Gwineter Do When Yo' Lamp Burns Down?" and "He Never Said a Mumblin' Word" are hymns to the Passion of Christ. "Mumblin'," it should be explained, is used in the sense of "complaining."

*The Book of American Negro Spirituals. Edited with an introduction by James Weldon Johnson. Musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Johnson. Additional numbers by Lawrence Brown. New York: The Viking Press. \$3.50.

Dey crucified my Lord,
 An' He never said a mumblin' word,
 Dey crucified my Lord,
 An' He never said a mumblin' word,
 Not a word—not a word—not a word.

Dey nailed Him to de tree,
 An' He never said a mumblin' word,
 Dey nailed Him to de tree,
 An' He never said a mumblin' word,
 Not a word—not a word—not a word.

Dey pierced Him in de side,
 An' He never said a mumblin' word,
 Dey pierced Him in de side,
 An' He never said a mumblin' word,
 Not a word—not a word—not a word.

De blood came twinklin' down,
 An' He never said a mumblin' word,
 De blood came twinklin' down,
 An' He never said a mumblin' word,
 Not a word—not a word—not a word.

He bowed His head and died,
 An' He never said a mumblin' word,
 He bowed His head an' died
 An' He never said a mumblin' word,
 Not a word—not a word—not a word.

"Here," writes Walter Lippman, "is poetry that touches the stars."

CAP AND BELLS

I am a clown, a royal fool,
 A jester to the king,
 I sit upon a lowly stool,
 And laugh and dance and sing.

Proud courtiers pass and look with scorn
 Upon my foolish ways;
 I am a child of Folly, born
 In sapiential days.

I flaunt my bauble in the air,
 And vent my clownish spells,
 Before the face of them that stare
 Upon my cap and bells.

Forsooth, I should put laughter off,
 And don a sober guise,
 The livery of a jester doff,
 To have them call me wise!

I am amused by their conceit,
 Pretense and pomp and show,
 And day by day at the king's feet,
 A wiser fool I grow.

Some of them strut through his domain,
 As though it were their own;
 Amazed, I note the frank disdain
 They wear before his throne.

No gold is mine, no purple ease,
 His smile is my reward.
 I live my merry days to please
 His majesty, my lord.

And he with favor looks on me,
 For he does not forget
 The day beneath a bleeding Tree,
 When he and Folly met.

WILLIAM V. DOYLE, S.J.

Reviews

The History of England. By HILAIRE BELLOC. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

This first volume of the corrected version of English history whets the appetite for the three succeeding volumes. Pagan England and the first ten centuries of Christian England, the subject matter of this volume, do not furnish nearly so many topics for debate or nearly so many errors to smash as do the centuries that are treated in the next three volumes of the series. Nevertheless, in this part of his work, Mr. Belloc begins with a strong right arm to demolish the fabrications that have been spun about the history of England. Lingard has done much in the way of telling English history truthfully. But the tradition of historians has been Protestant; facts have been misrepresented, conclusions have been unjust, and the basic philosophy has been hostile to the Catholic claim. Therefore, Mr. Belloc, the militant Catholic, the accurate scholar, and the master of historical philosophy is performing a service of great importance in Catholic history. His method, according to his preface, is "to combine considerable detail of narrative and date with the presence of general theses." This, of course, is typically Belloc. His knowledge of facts is so expansive that he can be brief and pointed in his catalogue of them. His understanding of the import of these facts gives him a certain lucidity and logic in bracketing them properly. He is thus fitted to establish, and this is Mr. Belloc's supreme delight, definite and belligerent general theses. The present volume is filled with them. The introductory essay, "The Foundations of England," emphasizes many of them; practically every single chapter is broken up or concluded by a summary or a survey or an analysis. The purport of the majority of these general theses is the influence of the Catholic Church on England's history. The marginal notes are quite the most interesting feature of the volume. F. X. T.

The Dreamer. A Romantic Rendering of the Life-Story of Edgar Allan Poe. BY MARY NEWTON STANARD. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co. \$3.50.

The anguish and the ardors of Edgar Allan Poe, his frailty, his greatness, Poe's very self is the theme of "The Dreamer." Remotely of Poe's family, Mary Stanard is, as we should expect, sympathetic with "our Israfel." So ought she to be. It is a glad sign, this new printing of Mary Newton Stanard's "Dreamer." It is not biography, not historical romance, but a romantic rendering of the life-story of Edgar Allan Poe, glad in its token of America's new mind towards her most distinctive and worthy contributor to literature. "The Dreamer" first appeared in 1909 in limited edition, the harbinger of the surgent interest which mounting today brings James Kirkwood to Broadway in "Edgar Allan Poe," even as a few months since it stirred Edwin Markham to the fine raptures of "Our Israfel." The severe critic of this book will wish the author had been a bit more objective within the narrow limit possible to her. All others, however, will rejoice in her fair faculty to make again to live one whom unkindness made too soon to die. Even the new psychologists will acclaim her for recognizing Poe as schizophrenic; do not "Edgar the Dreamer" and "Edgar the Goodfellow" walk through her pages as two men? Only the term does not occur. Pictorially, a babe, a boy, a youth, a man, he passes before us, his heart now warmed by hearts' affections, now chilled by the inhumanity of man, yet always "dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before." Thus did he live richly, sadly, briefly.

L. W. F.

Father William Doyle, S.J. A Spiritual Study. By ALFRED O'RAHILLY. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. \$5.00.

The original appearance of this remarkable life-story was noted in these columns in 1920. Within six months the work had gone into a second edition; a third and fourth impression were soon made necessary. Professor O'Rahilly has now prepared a third edition, greatly enlarged, revised and further illustrated. The work is not a mere biography. It is an authentic ascetical journal

of an Irish Jesuit priest of our own very days, whose love of God and zeal for souls prompted him to attempt mortifications and essay a grade of perfection such as we associate only with the reckless among God's saints. That his "Life" has been instrumental in making numberless souls love God better and serve Him more generously, would seem to justify its renewed appearance and satisfy the objections of those who were opposed to the revealing of such intimacies and such extravagances as the soldier-priest's diary unfolded. His brother, the Rev. Charles Doyle, S.J., is already in possession of a number of acknowledgments of favors and cures attributed to the late Military Chaplain's intercession. Not the least remarkable of these, it may be noted, have been reported from the United States.

P. J. D.

Forty Years Of It. By BRAND WHITLOCK. New York: D. Appleton and Co. \$2.50.

This book cannot be recommended too highly for those who are interested in real Americanism. For Mr. Whitlock sees the foibles and failures in American life as well as the good points. It is the story of the political battles in Toledo, Cleveland, Detroit. Toledo occupies the center of the stage. Brand Whitlock was elected Mayor of that city until he did not care to be elected any more. He was very close to "Golden Rule" Jones and Tom Johnson and if his book did nothing more than evaluate these two characters in the political life of America it would have done much. For as strange as they appeared to people in the East, these men represented an evolution in American institutions that has had its effect everywhere in this country. Brand Whitlock is at his best, however, in exposing the buncombe of the reformer in America. In page after page he develops the picture of the Puritan mind pushing its way into practical American life, coercing, carping, crying for laws and more laws, as if morality could be achieved by the mad passion of law-making. Government is a human thing, an executive will obtain about one-third of his ideals because of his human subordinates, the people have to be shown that governments are what people make them. These are some of the conclusions of a practical politician who is also a man of dreams. With his wider conclusion that there is nothing absolutely right or wrong and other variants of the same idea there will be many to disagree. The free city that Mr. Whitlock idealizes, whose approach he finds in other nations, is lacking in America and in fact has been lacking everywhere since liberty was lost in the Reformation.

G. C. T.

Idiot Man. The Follies of Mankind. By CHARLES RICHEL. Translated by NORAH FORSYTHE and LLOYD HARVEY. New York: Brentano's. \$2.00.

When Puck exclaimed, "What fools these mortals be," he spoke with an intelligent appreciation of the case. Puck was not a rancorous cross-grained being. He was a "shrewd and knavish sprite." He could be caustic, but not pessimistic. For him a volume of Schopenhauer would have been only a block on which to balance himself while he reached for a posey. Professor Richet imitates Schopenhauer in his pessimism. The Professor sees little good in men and all they have accomplished; he seems even to despair of any good they might do. Negroes, he says, are little better than the monkey, the yellow races only somewhat higher, the whites imitate the savages. They eat and drink poisons, they wage fatuous wars, they wantonly contract frightful diseases, they are superstitious to a saddening degree, they destroy forests, they torture and kill animals, they are ignorant of government, they live in darkness, and love it. M. Richet discourses seriously, destructively. He faces the anomaly of having to explain how one of those very stupid white persons writes this book, selects his victims, proves their guilt to his own satisfaction, and consigns them to the bottomless pit of Fooldom with an ease and an assurance that would reduce the nerves of the most robust inquisitor to a state of utter tenuity.

F. McN.

Books and Authors

Priestly Helps.—"Homiletic Sermonettes on the Gospels" (Herder. \$2.00), by Rev. Frederick A. Reuter, affords helpful preaching material for children's Sunday Masses. However, most of the talks may readily be adapted to adults. A special feature of the volume is the addition to each sermon of an instructive story taken from the lives of the Saints. This is not necessarily related to the subject matter of the sermonette. Unfortunately, the author has not availed himself of the latest researches in hagiography. This neglect explains many inaccurate and misleading statements in the stories. Occasionally, too, there are minor theological lapses.

Readers who have not had easy access to Father Vermeersch's classical treatise on the important subject of vocation will thank Joseph G. Kemp for making available "Religious and Ecclesiastical Vocation" (Herder. 90c). The eminent Jesuit discusses the problem briefly but authoritatively, analyzing the teachings of Scripture, the Fathers and theologians. Directors of souls should have these principles at hand, for the matter is practical and important. The Lord of the Harvest is calling many American boys to the sanctuary and it were a pity if for want of knowledge or interest, there should be none to guide them. The translator has supplemented Father Vermeersch's work by a discussion of Canon Lahitton's teaching which met with so much opposition a decade ago and yet gained the hearty approval of the Holy See.

Sermon Books.—A new volume of five-minute sermons on the Epistles for Sundays and festivals will be welcomed by our busy pastors. In "The Armor of Light" (Herder. \$1.50), the Rev. J. J. Burke explains the texts briefly and clearly. The author is already favorably known by his Gospel sermons, "The Great Problem," and other publications. The usefulness of this new book will not be limited to the clergy for it will serve for spiritual reading or meditation matter for those who cannot hear sermons yet wish to pass some time profitably with God.

Joseph Fort Newton has given us in "Best Sermons: 1925" (Harcourt), a collection of twenty-one sermons recently delivered in American pulpits. They represent all creeds and shades of belief and cover a variety of subjects. While Catholics will not approve all the utterances they will sympathize with the spirit and appreciate the unction of not a few non-Catholic speakers. They can also judge from these sermons what doctrines their fellow Christians are being fed and how pitifully they are groping about in the dark. The volume will aid students interested in pulpit oratory to test the growth or decline of pulpit eloquence in this country. Preachers will probably glean from the thoughts and style of their fellows some useful helps for their own sermons.

Eucharistic Readings.—A Christian Brother has made accessible in an excellent translation Cardinal Gaetano de Lai's "The Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist" (Kenedy. \$1.50). Its best praise is that given the original by Pius XI who called it "a truly remarkable work" and in reward for its composition appointed its author Legate *a latere* to the National Eucharistic Congress of Genoa in 1923. It is both instructive and edifying and will be as popular for reading with the Faithful as it will be helpful to the clergy for sermons and instructions.

In "Jesus Our Friend" (Kenedy. \$1.75), the Rev. Charles J. White gives us a really pious book that will assist all who wish to pass the Eucharistic Hour profitably. In twenty brief considerations we have as many manifestations of Christ's friendship for us. The style is simple, the development natural and the whole work suited to its author's purpose to draw men to heed that invitation which He extends to us as He did to the Apostles of old, "Come ye apart and rest a little."

Some Poets of Our Times.—As preface to his book of poems, "When I Grew Up to Middle Age" (Scribner. \$2.00), Struthers Burt is at pains to explain his theory of poetry. This dynamic essay is in praise of individuality and originality. "The world . . . has sensibly given up the attempt to define poetry or to explain why poets exist"; "I believe in no rules and all rules when necessary and appropriate"; "the poet least of all men should bother his head as to whether in his method he is abreast of his times, or ahead of his times, or behind them"; such phrases, culled here and there, are shouts of independence before the poet in Mr. Burt is allowed to speak. The poems that follow are not too startling nor are they eminently excellent. They have a fine simplicity of word and phrase that reaches almost to stateliness, they are occasionally felicitous, as in the sonnets on life and death; and yet, not a few passages fall into a conversational unimpressiveness that is saved only by the poet's evident sincerity. Many themes are old and their treatment is not individual; but many, too, are fanned to a white heat of intensity.

A common delusion of a few modern poets is that they cannot be modern without being vulgar, or commonplace, or even irreverent. It is to be regretted that Stephen Vincent Benét appears to be of this type. In "Tiger Joy" (Doran. \$1.75), he affects a blunt ruggedness in expounding his views on men and matters. He has some claim to poetic ability, but he lessens it by his unnecessary effort to be humanly modern. In his own peculiar ballad form he is quite expert, and in an occasional sonnet or lyric he strikes a spark. "Carol: New Style" speaks too bitterly of Jesus on Christmas Day; it might be suspected that the bitterness is that of Mr. Benét himself. "King Davd" has the feeling of slime about it; the narrative is neither historical nor a just interpretation of history; rather, it is a satiric caricature of the Biblical narrative.

A new poet, M. de Gracia Concepción, in his volume "Azucena" (Putnam. \$2.00), is a contrast to Mr. Benét in rhyme and rhythm. While Mr. Benét becomes ridiculous in his search of rhymes, Mr. de Gracia Concepción dispenses altogether with regular meter and rhyme. He cultivates exclusively an impassioned form of poetic-prose that is melodious but defiant of measures. He strikes beauty of thought, he induces a mood through his capture of emotional moments in his own experience, and he sometimes achieves an exquisite phrasing of words. Mr. de Gracia Concepción is the first native Filipino to seek entrance among the American poets; he would do well to attempt to express his really poetic thought in the traditional technique.

Countee Cullen in "Color" (Harper. \$2.00), establishes himself as a foremost Negro poet, and, perhaps the equal to the white poets of the day. He is master of melody, probes into the meanings of life and he feels vibrantly. He does well to sing the joys and the sorrows of his own race rather than to copy the emotions of the white poets; for he thus gains in sincerity and appeal. He is hopeful and honestly proud of his people; and yet he does not conquer a bitterness towards those who have oppressed them. There is an undertone in many poems, "the note of the jungles," as he describes it, that is disconcerting. "Judas Iscariot," a longer poem, is a charitable interpretation of the man, but utterly untenable.

Sufficient proofs have been given of the authenticity of Nathalia Crane, the twelve-year-old poet of Brooklyn. But her second book, "Lava Lane" (Seltzer. \$1.50), tempts to scepticism. It is not because any of the poems are so superlatively good that one is inclined to doubt, but because some of them are so mature in their thought and so learned in their expression. In many of the selections there is a crudeness that is childlike, and a certain penetrating quality of quaintness that is also true to the child view. Miss Crane has not lost her power over the happy phrase, such as the "beautiful dirt" of the janitor, or in whimsical descriptions, as witness the injured "tiger cat" that "galloped a spasm halooing with woe." She may yet develop into a poet, and some day may deserve the invitation extended to her to join the Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers.

Tales of the Long Bow. Wild Geese. Dawgs. Christina Alberta's Father. And They Lived Happily Ever After. The Charwoman's Daughter.

Though "Tales of the Long Bow" (Dodd, Mead. \$2.00) is written in the lighter vein, it is not the least worthy of Gilbert K. Chesterton's glorious and successful efforts to smash the sophisms of modern materialism. There is a deal of fine fooling in it, but the humor is the handmaid of a sane philosophy. The tales, which really form a peculiarly connected whole, concern the doing of things recognized as impossible to do, impossible to believe, and, the reader may say, impossible to write about. Mr. Chesterton draws the long bow with a vengeance. The tales are simply fascinating; they have the charm of a rich imagination apparently run wild, yet, as appears in the end, always held in check by a very serious purpose. If Mr. Chesterton makes the cow jump over the moon, it finally lands in the three acres, so familiar to those who hope for his distributist state.

One of the contenders for the "best-selling" list of the season must be "Wild Geese" (Dodd, Mead. \$2.00), the winner of the \$13,500 prize for the best first novel by an American author. Martha Ostenso, though born in Norway twenty-five years ago, shows no limitation in the language which she has acquired. Her novel is a gripping tale of domestic life in the bleak farm regions of the Northern frontier. Caleb Gare is a prosperous tiller of the soil; his nature has imbibed all the bitterness and the unrelenting harshness of the black acres which enriched him. His wife and children are types; Judith, the chief victim of her father's tyranny, is the outstanding figure of the narrative. This well-plotted, finely told novel is not the kind that an early-to-bed person should begin to read at nightfall.

Who does not enjoy a "good" dog story? By "good" is not meant a story that proves the dog superior to man; on the contrary, it means a story in which the dog acknowledges its master. In "Dawgs" (Holt. \$2.50), Charles W. Gray has compiled a collection of "good" dog stories, the very best tales of the best authors. As the reader finishes each story, he tells himself. "This cannot be equaled." And then the next tale pleases him even more. The climax is attained in the longest and the last of the collection, "White Monarch and the Gas-house Pup," by R. G. Kirk. Dog lovers owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Gray for his "Dawgs."

It may have been the reader's youth or it may have been the author's earlier excellence; at any rate, H. G. Wells' latest book, "Christina Alberta's Father" (Macmillan. \$2.50), has failed, as no earlier books did, to impress on the reader the vitality of the author. As may be expected in a Wells' production, many problems are toyed with brilliantly and left unsolved, many absurd assertions are made in regard to morality and convention, Communism, immortality and individualism. As a vehicle for Mr. Wells' philosophy, the book contains a story. This is concerned with the mental aberrations of little Mr. Preamby, who comes to believe that he is Sargon, King of Sumeria, and with his daughter, a young lady in rebellion against restraint. Mr. Wells could be a great novelist; but he prefers to be a banal propagandist of disreputable ideas.

Meredith Nicholson in "And They Lived Happily Ever After" (Scribner. \$2.00), does not write for adolescent readers. He has attempted a serious portrayal of the lives of married people, of incompatibility, of the familiarity that is not permitted, of the sacrifices that must be made. Divorce stalks into the narrative; and though it is regarded as a solution for the tangle it is not favored as the proper thing. Money is proved to be the root of all evil; desire for freedom from marital discipline is its first flowering. The story is told frankly and graphically.

James Stephens in "The Charwoman's Daughter" (Macmillan. \$2.00) relates an ordinary story in a most unusual way. Many readers may be familiar with the novel, for this is its second appearance. In it, the loves of mother and daughter, of man and maid, of mothers and children, are focused in the slums of Dublin. Though the tale is Irish it has a universal appeal.

Communications

The Editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department

Church Collections

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is a pleasure to dilate on the comment anent church collections by Michael Lyne, in the issue of *AMERICA* for October 24, for the simple reason that in this parish the laymen are the strongest advocates of the weekly envelope system. They realize it has "its very evident limitations," and so has every known system of collecting money, for whatever purpose.

"Any plan calling for the use of an envelope each week, the contributor to unearth it from a yearly supply during the last ten seconds on Sunday morning, is to say the least, farcical," comments Mr. Lyne. People have not all the same sense of humor, and some have none at all. But our experience has been that there is no need of "unearthing" an envelope, since they all follow in series, provided the boy has not "used them to make hats for his imaginary soldiers or to play letter-carrier with the young heathen next door." There is no more trouble picking up your envelope on Sunday morning than there is picking up your prayer book. A little foresight and self-training in systematic habits is a good thing, especially for the slovenly.

We of the wide expanses of the breezy West have found the system entirely to our liking. On introducing it we did away with all other time-honored forms of raising money, fairs, bazaars, contests and like gambling devices. We did away with all pews and reserved seats in church: we are democratic enough to allow the best seats to the first comers. We take up no other collections in church outside of the envelopes, and that is noiseless altogether; there is no clinking of money. The envelopes take care of all running expenses and of a debt that is well over one hundred thousand dollars. It may take some education on the part of priests and laymen alike to see and appreciate all the advantages of the envelope system. But we are "sold on it" until something better is pointed out to us. And we are even firm believers in a monthly printed report of all contributions made on every Sunday. We view that report merely in the light of financial information due the parishioners who contribute, and who have a perfect right to know what the financial standing of their parish is. There has been little or no quarrel with this monthly report.

Moline, Ill.

C. J.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Apropos to the discussion in *AMERICA* on church collections, I herewith take issue with Michael Lyne as regards his opposition to the fifty-two-envelope system of church financing. For the past seven years I have been pastor of St. Leo's Church, Louisville, Ky. For the first two years I used a monthly envelope system; and for the past five years, I have used the weekly envelope system, which Mr. Lyne apparently regards with consternation. With all due respect to his opinion, I am persuaded that it is the best practical plan to date for industrial districts, where wage-earners are paid weekly or bi-weekly. I am so persuaded, because other plans are largely failures, and this one is fraught with less objectionable features than the others, and so far as my observation and experience are concerned, this plan meets with the approval of the greatest number of parishioners, after they understand it.

By a process of elimination, I do not see much left but in effect an envelope system in some form, either yearly, monthly, or weekly. Doubtless in many communities an assessment plan proves satisfactory, but not in industrial communities. For in such communities where wages are paid weekly or bi-weekly, a wage earner can best arrange his expenditures on a weekly basis. Recognizing this basic fact, many insurance companies (including companies for Mr. Lyne's coffins or funeral expenses), home-financing concerns and similar agencies have adopted the weekly

installment plan. Furthermore I know from personal experience that if the present-day wage-earner cannot pay a given sum on a weekly plan, he cannot pay it on any plan.

When I introduced this system five years ago, I explained it individually to every wage-earner (and said little or nothing at all in church) and found few objections anywhere, except of course from a class of slackers that are very much dissatisfied with any system that makes for efficiency, and involves the "personal touch," referred to by Mr. Lyne. When I get this kind of an objection, I usually ask what kind of a financial system this particular objector desires; and invariably find that no system is wanted except one that places the burden on the "other fellow."

This envelope plan should prove especially acceptable to Mr. Lyne, because money placed in envelopes is noiselessly dropped into the collection box and thus is eliminated the objectionable feature of the "clinking of falling coin," which is such a source of distraction in those heavenward soaring movements of his prayerful soul.

As far as efficiency is concerned the revenues of this church were thereby increased about 300 per cent. The same plan has been introduced in various parishes in this diocese, and as far as my inquiries go, the results are highly satisfactory.

I am at a loss to know why Mr. Lyne is so opposed to this particular plan. He is generous to the degree of contributing a dollar a week for the maintenance of religious observance. I fail to see why he would object to put the same dollar in an envelope so marked that the pastor may know its donor, and thus affect that "personal touch" with all members of his parish, which factor doubtless has a tremendous psychological importance.

Louisville, Ky.

JOS. A. NEWMAN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In a recent issue of *AMERICA*, Michael Lyne in a well-written letter on church support says, among other things, "I am so far a church-giver as to be in favor of the Dollar-a-Sunday Plan." He wisely says that the subject should be considered by a national committee of priests and laymen. This has been done over a period of six years beginning January of 1919, when the Dollar-a-Sunday Club Plan was inaugurated in the Immaculate Conception Church in Seattle, Washington.

A church debt of \$140,000 had remained stationary for about ten years, owing to the necessity of building and sustaining a church, a parish school and a parish house. Aside from the regular church offerings, such as the Sunday collections, pew rent, etc., a \$10-a-month club, which was later changed to a \$5-a-month club, had been formed in the parish by lay activity, with a membership around one hundred. It was a groping towards some plan that would carry on and while these attempts at a system failed to become permanent, they led directly to the Dollar-a-Sunday Club, which was put in commission January, 1919.

It was so simple, so effective, and so well received by the people, that it was soon in operation all over the diocese. It was a voluntary offering with a suggested standard. At once, beginning with the first Sunday, envelopes were passed out to the people; the collection for the Sunday Masses, which had been less than \$100, became \$400. It was found that the Christmas and Easter offerings about doubled as the gift of giving grew and the work was done. As a result of the Dollar-a-Sunday Plan in the small diocese of Seattle, eighteen new parish schools have been built at a cost of \$1,800,000 or an average of \$100,000 each. Since the advent of the Dollar-a-Sunday Club, the most beautiful Old People's Home in the world, costing about \$1,000,000, and an Orphans' School have been constructed at a cost of \$400,000, both of which have been completed within the past year, and both are flourishing. The Dollar-a-Sunday Plan begets the gift of giving, and after all, is psychological rather than religious. A good habit for those who are able, taking the place of the bad nickel and dime habit. It is not the money, but the habit.

The plan has spread to Rockford, Chicago and Oklahoma and Pastors are scattered all over the United States, who have independently inaugurated the Dollar-a-Sunday Club for church support.

The Dollar-a-Sunday Club does not disturb any existing form of income but is a net gain over all.

The only cost of the club is what you pay a local printer for the envelopes. A bank recently gave one city church half a million envelopes for the advertisement,—cutting out even this small outlay. Seattle.

FRANK M. SULLIVAN.

[This controversy is now closed.—Ed. AMERICA.]

First and Fifth Bishops of Portland, Maine

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The solemn ceremony connected with the transferring of Bishop John Gregory Murray, D.D., from the diocese of Hartford to the diocese of Portland, Maine, which took place in the Cathedral at the latter city, Monday, October 12 (Columbus day), recalls the early days of that see, and the vicissitudes of the Right Rev. David W. Bacon, its first bishop.

Only a few miles from where the ceremony took place in Portland, in the town of Bath, on July 8, 1854, a riotous, devastating mob of rum-fired bigots, tore down the cross and spire of the little church, then set fire to the ruins and burned all to the ground, until all was a waste of blackened ashes. On Sunday, November 18, 1855, a year after this awful outrage, the little Catholic flock in the town once more faced the foundation of a new church to replace the one destroyed, and Bishop Bacon, then newly consecrated, undismayed by dire threats, attempted to lay the cornerstone. Drunken bigots—ignorant and obscene—made as if to lay hands on him, but were prevented by stalwart Irish laymen. The drunken and insane mob, however, was too much for the Bishop's defenders and they took possession of the ground, "overthrew all that had been prepared for the ceremony, broke the crosses and beat all who showed any disapprobation of their conduct." (De Courcey, "Catholic Church in the United States.")

In the spring of 1854, one year before this infamous outrage, in the town of Ellsworth, Maine, the intrepid Jesuit, Rev. John Bapst, had been tarred and feathered because he asked that the Catholics in the town be exempted from reading the Protestant version of the Bible! The echoes of this awful travesty against the rights of Catholics were still reverberating through the land, but in Portland—only a few miles away—the first bishop of Portland fearlessly met the leaders of Knownothing circles and lodges, and defended the rights of Catholics throughout the State in no uncertain terms.

Knownothingism in the form of circles of the Ku Klux Klan still exists in Maine. But it is a far cry from church-burning, mob-domination, and tarring and feathering of priests. In the person of Bishop Murray, the fifth bishop of Portland, the forces of bigotry will be amply offset by an exponent of Americanism whose work is still a living memory in Protestant and Catholic circles in the good, old Yankee state of Connecticut!

Lowell, Mass.

GEORGE F. O'DWYER.

Catholic Scholarship

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I do not intend to take part in the controversy as to whether or not we have any Catholic scholars in America. I suppose those arguing on either side would admit that we have Catholic scholars in other countries. Also they would admit, I presume, that we have Catholic universities in other countries the equal of any secular university anywhere.

Now, then, one way of testing the caliber of American scholarship among students and teachers in our Catholic colleges would be by comparison of their ability in competing with recognized ability in those foreign institutions of the higher learning which we all admit to be the equals at least of the great secular universities here or abroad.

I do not think myself that Catholic Americans suffer in this regard from a sort of inferiority complex which makes them inclined to think that everything great and learned is not for them, but exists in mythical proportions elsewhere.

The College of St. Catherine, St. Paul, Minn., sent one of its professors, Sister Jeanné Marie, to the University of Louvain a year ago. She expected to stay there for several years in order to be able to qualify for a Doctorate in Pedagogy. *Mirabile dictu* she returned to St. Catherine's this summer after a little less than one year in Belgium, winning her doctorate, *avec la plus grande distinction*.

Her advanced knowledge acquired in St. Catherine's in scholastic philosophy was recognized by her professor in Louvain as fully qualifying her for the Doctorate. Professor A. Michotte was her adviser in the courses in Psychology, Metaphysics, Logic, Moral Philosophy, Natural Law, Belgian School Laws, and special questions in Educational Psychology. She wrote her thesis, "The Teaching of Religion," under the direction of the well-known Jesuit, Père Charles.

I am very sure if this good Sister went to the Catholic University of America, or to some other Catholic university at home, she would still think that a Louvain degree would be something to be desired but scarcely within the reach of the American college product.

But there are the facts. Her equipment deserved a doctorate from the foremost university of Europe, Catholic or non-Catholic. She qualified before the professors of the unique Institut Supérieur de Philosophie which realizes the grand ideals of Leo XIII in his encyclical on the restoration of Catholic philosophy and which enjoys the patronage of Cardinal Mercier.

I noticed also last summer that a young Jesuit from St. Louis covered himself with glory in Cambridge University, England, in ancient classics, which I presume also he acquired from some older humble Jesuit father teaching in St. Louis University.

These examples I am sure could be multiplied. It is in this way that we come to appreciate what we have already, and it is by measuring ourselves with recognized ability elsewhere that we shall be able to rid ourselves of what I think is to some extent an inferiority complex.

St. Paul.

J. C. HARRINGTON.

History Repeats Itself

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Does history repeat itself? It certainly does. Lately I have been doing some research work in the files of the *Lowell Courier* here, and ran into the very pertinent editorial comment that appeared in the issue for April 20, 1843. It might be fitly applied to conditions of the present day:

It would seem, indeed, as if the times were sadly out of joint, and that the conservative principle of our institutions had become nearly extinct; and that the sense of propriety which required of our public bodies a due regard to the observances and decencies of life, had fled; that propriety of conduct or purity of the private character in a public officer, were things of little consequence. Again, we find public men skulking from responsibility, afraid of doing right for fear of losing office; men, selling their consciences for money and office; and then we see those, who, by their education, wealth and standing, were designed to lead and give tone to society, keeping aloof from the people for fear of having a little unnecessary trouble cast upon them. Again, we see men bowing submissively to mere wealth—the god most worshipped in this age—and to gain whose smiles and live on whose bounties, reputation, self-respect, and even the very soul is bartered away. All these betoken an abandonment of moral principle on the part of our people, which we place among the very worst features of the times.

And the conditions of 1843 still are guiding posts for thousands of so-called Americans, today. We should read more history—American history—and realize that it has a moral and a lesson for us in this hurlyburly generation.

Lowell, Mass.

O. G. F.